

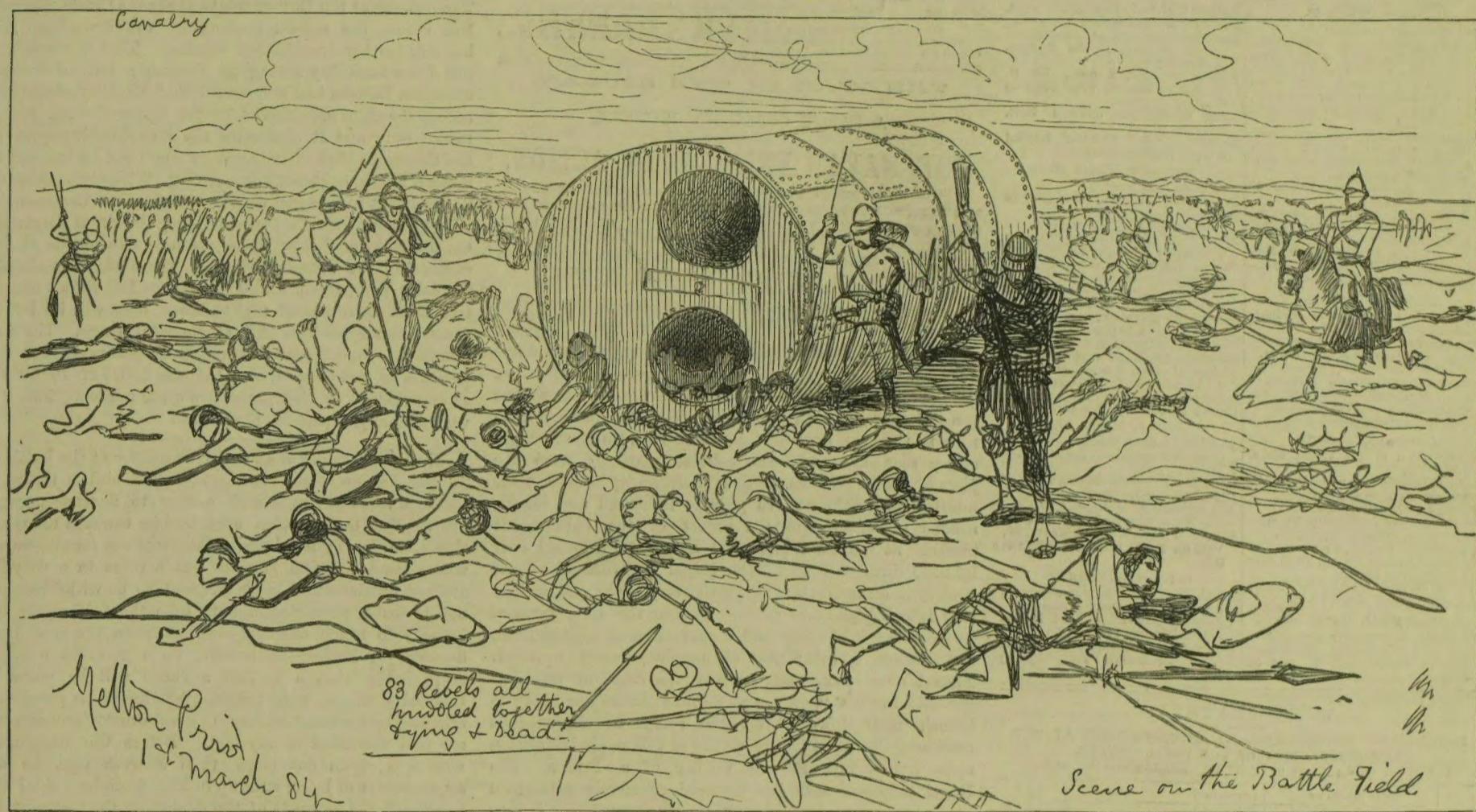
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2344.—VOL. LXXXIV.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1884.

WITH SUPPLEMENT AND
COLOURED PORTRAIT OF GENERAL GORDON
SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



SCENE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF EL TEB: BEHIND THE OLD BOILER OF THE SUGAR-MILL.



DISLODGING THE ENEMY FROM THE OLD BRICK BUILDING AT EL TEB.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: BATTLE OF EL TEB, FEBRUARY 29.

FACSIMILE OF SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

BIRTH.

On the 14th inst., at 7, Ullet-road, Prince's Park, Liverpool, the wife of Robert Norris, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 23rd ult., in Petersburg, Virginia, by the Rev. C. J. Gibson, D.D., Mr. James M. Quicke, formerly of Crediton, Devon, to Miss S. Porter Coldwell, of Petersburg, Virginia. No cards.

On the 20th ult., at St. Philip's, George Town, Demerara, by the Lord Bishop of Guyana, assisted by the Rev. H. T. S. Castell and the Rev. H. Gainer, Henry Ruxton Watson, second son of the late Dr. George Greig, of Portsoy, Banffshire, to Emily, youngest daughter of the late William Henry White, Esq., of Leatherhead, Surrey. Scotch papers please copy.

On the 18th inst., at All Saints', Cranham, near Romford, by the Rev. R. T. Crawley, Rector of North Ockendon, Champion Edward, eldest son of Colonel Benjamin A. Bramfill, of Upminster Hall, to Amy Charlotte Helena, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Charles Rew, Rector of Cranham.

DEATH.

On the 14th inst., at his residence, Grange Crescent, Sunderland, Frederic Horn, Esq., barrister-at-law and Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Durham, in his 8th year.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 29.

SUNDAY, MARCH 23.

Fourth Sunday in Lent.

Morning Lessons: Gen. xlii.; Luke i. 1-26. Evening Lessons: Gen. xliii. or xlv.; I. Cor. xiv. 1-20. St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., Rev. Prebendary Otley; 3.15 p.m., Rev. Canon Gregory; 7 p.m., Rev. J. M. Wilson.

Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., Rev. Canon Prothero; 3 p.m., Hon. and Rev. E. V. R. Powys; 7 p.m., Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore.

St. James's, noon, the Bishop of Solihull and Man.

Whitchurch, 11 a.m., the Dean of Chester, Dr. Howson; 3 p.m., Rev. J. M. Wilson.

Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. H. White; 7 p.m., Rev. C. H. Middleton-Wake, Assistant Chaplain.

MONDAY, MARCH 24.

Royal College of Surgeons of England, 2 p.m. Geographical Society, 8.30 p.m. British Architects' Institute, 8 p.m. Surveyors' Institution, 8 p.m.

Society of Arts, Cantor Lecture, 8 p.m., Professor Chandler Roberts on the Alloys used for Coinage.

Races: Lincoln Spring Meeting.

TUESDAY, MARCH 25.

Annunciation of the Virgin Mary. Lady Day.

Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Gangee on Animal Heat.

Horticultural Society, 11 a.m.

Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m.

Anthropological Institute, 8 p.m.

Photographic Society, 8 p.m.

Gresham Lectures, 6 p.m., Dr. Symes Thompson on Physic.

Tricycle Union, meeting at Westminster Palace Hotel, 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26.

The Duke of Cambridge born, 1819. Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society, 7 p.m., Mr. T. Cole on Steam Tramways.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF				THERMOM.		WIND.		Miles. In. next morning.
	Banometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 P.M.	Minimum, read at 10 P.M.	General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours.
Inches.	°	°	°	0-10	°	°			
9 29 482	43.5	35.1	.75	49.9	38.9	W.N.W. SW. S.	208	0'190	
10 29 303	42.6	34.9	.76	5	49.5	38.6	S. WSW.	299	0'460
11 29 32-2	42.0	36.6	.83	10	45.6	38.0	E. NE. N.	181	0'000
12 29 743	45.6	38.8	.79	6	51.8	39.8	E. SSW.	153	'000
13 30 060	49.7	43.1	.80	8	54.6	42.1	SSW.	349	'000
14 30 074	52.0	43.3	.74	5	59.1	46.7	SSW.	273	'000
15 30 038	55.9	46.6	.73	2	66.1	45.0	S. SSE.	212	0'005

* Dew.

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m.:-

Barometer (in inches) corrected .. 29.541 29.211 29.238 29.682 30.045 30.108 30.070
Temperature of Air .. 42.9° 43.0° 41.9° 45.7° 51.5° 52.7° 56.0°
Temperature of Evaporation .. 39.0° 41.4° 39.7° 42.7° 48.5° 49.0° 52.0°
Direction of Wind .. WNW. SSW. S. SSW. SSE.

Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at cheap rates, available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.

Cheap First-class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday, from Victoria, 10.0 a.m.

Fare, 12s. 6d. including Pullman Car.

Cheap Half-Guinea First-class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.

Cheap First-class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday, from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.30 p.m.

Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton.

Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Southern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

Cheap Express Service Weekdays and Sundays. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 3s., 2s., 1s.; Return, 5s., 3s., 3s.

Powerful Paddle Steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c.

Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Traquair-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Lodge-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Sole Lessee and Manager, J. R. TAYLOR.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Popular Prices. Arrangements in progress for opening this Theatre on EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 14, for the performance of ROMANTIC DRAMA, with the most powerful Company that can be secured.

Everything to be carried out in the most complete manner for the perfect representation of the Drama and the comfort of the audience.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Popular Prices.—The Lessee intended converting the whole of the ground floor into PIT SEATS, but a few proprietary rights having to be provided for, there will be simply four rows of Stalls. The remainder of the floor will be PIT, admission 1s. 6d.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Popular Prices.—Stalls, 1s.; Grand Circle, 2s. 6d.; Upper Circle, 2s. 6d.; Upper Boxes, 10s. 6d. to 25s. Business Manager, Harrington Baily.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W. LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce, OPEN EVERY EVENING with BREAKING A BUTTERFLY, at 8.45, by Henry A. Jones and Henry Herman. Preceded by THE MARBLE ARCH, by Garioway and Rose. Concluding with SIX AND EIGHTPENCE. For Cast see Daily Papers. Doors open at 7.45. MARBLE ARCH at Eight. BREAKING A BUTTERFLY at 8.45. SIX AND EIGHTPENCE at 10.45. Prices from 1s. to 2s. Box-office open daily from Eleven to Five. No fees. Telephone, 3700.

COURT THEATRE.—Lessees and Managers, Mr. John Clayton and Mr. Arthur Cecil.—EVERY EVENING, at Eight, DAN'L DRUCE, by W. S. Gilbert and Mr. Hermann Veigin and Mr. John Clayton; Messrs. Mackintosh, C. Hawtrey, Maurice, Trent, Marler, C. Seyton, and Miss Fortescue. Followed by MULLINER'S BILL, by G. W. Godfrey. Mrs. John Wood and Arthur Cecil. Box-offices open, 11 to 5. No fees.

THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION of PICTURES by ENGLISH and CONTINENTAL ARTISTS, including M. Fortuny's Picture, "In the Vatican," is NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH and SONS' GALLERIES, 5 and 6, Haymarket, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre. Admission, 1s., including Catalogue.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 25, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is now ON VIEW, together with Commendatore CISERI'S Picture of CHRIST BORNE TO THE THUMB, and other important works, at the GALLERIES, 108, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE.—Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—A MOSS ROSE RENT, by Arthur Law. Music by Alfred J. Caldicott; after which Mr. Corney Grain's New Edition of an old Musical Sketch entitled SPRING'S DELIGHTS. Concluding with A DOUBLE EVENT, by Arthur Law and Alfred Reed; Music by Corney Grain. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 3. Stalls, 5s. and 3s. Admission, 2s. and 1s. Will close Saturday, March 23; reopen Easter Monday, at Three o'clock.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME THIS WEEK.

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS IN NEW SONGS, NEW COMIC SKETCHES. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT. MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, SATURDAYS, at THREE and EIGHT. Tickets or places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, and at all the City and West-End Libraries. Prices—1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s. 6d.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

A LARGE COLOURED PICTURE, SHOWING

THE NAVAL BRIGADE IN ACTION, will be presented *Gratis* with our Number next week.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1884.

At the present moment it is an agreeable variety to turn from the destruction of life to its preservation. Looking at the matter in the light of State policy, we may differ as to the expediency of fusillading thousands of brave though fanatical Arabs on their native soil, but no one can fail to admire the intrepid life-boat men who from time to time, at imminent personal risk, plunge through angry seas to rescue storm-beset mariners from the jaws of death. To encourage these hardy men in their meritorious work, and to provide increased and much-needed resources, was the object of the enthusiastic meeting at Willis's Rooms last Saturday, presided over by the Prince of Wales. The Royal National Life-Boat Society is an institution in which every section of society may take a legitimate pride. During the sixty years of its existence it has attained a perfection of organisation, and secured a catholicity of support, rarely equalled. Almost every dangerous part of the coast of this sea-girt isle has its station, and its intrepid seamen ready to launch their life-boat for the rescue of shipwrecked mariners. To advocate the claims of this noble institution upon public support was worthy of a Prince. His Royal Highness very heartily and effectively performed his task at Saturday's meeting. He showed that during its existence the Life-Boat Institution has been the means of saving nearly 31,000 lives—725 last year, and as many as 300 in the three months of 1884. It has not only to maintain some 274 establishments around our coasts, but to reward with medals and other distinctions the brave crews who give their services in the hour of need, and to make grants to the widows and orphans of seamen whose lives are sacrificed in this noble work. Under its auspices hundreds of men around our shores are trained to deeds of self-sacrificing heroism. The great outlay required to keep in vigorous action this beneficent machinery—with the exception of the rocket apparatus, provided by the Board of Trade—is met by voluntary contributions, which will, we trust, be largely and promptly increased by the earnest appeals of the Prince of Wales and the influential gentlemen who surrounded him at Willis's Rooms.

The Parliamentary events of the week reflect no credit on our representative Chamber, especially on that section of hon. members who think they see in the Soudan complications a means either of forcing a dissolution or of staving off indefinitely the Reform Bill of the Government. Six weeks of the Session have been consumed in reiterated and wearisome discussions on Egyptian policy and the airing of petty trivial Irish grievances, and the waste of time is still going on. Unfortunately for her Majesty's Ministers, it became necessary for the financial service of the year to pass a number of Supplementary Estimates, and to take a vote on account of the Army. The progress of Supply, owing to the continuous introduction of extraneous topics, was so slow last week that a Saturday sitting became absolutely essential, and when the House met in the afternoon Mr. Labouchere suddenly moved an ingenious resolution condemning the great loss of British and Arab life in the Soudan as unnecessary. This dexterous motion once more opened the floodgates of talk, and united the Conservatives and peace party in its support. An early decision would have been adverse to the Government, and when, after a long and angry debate, the division was taken, the motion was rejected by a majority of only seventeen (111 votes to 94). Then, when the Irish Estimates came on, the Parnellite members took up the running, and prolonged the sitting till six a.m. on Sunday, at which hour the last of the Supplementary Votes was disposed of. On Monday, harassing questions and prolix discussions on military administration prevented Lord Hartington from explaining the Army Estimates till near

midnight, and it was not till 3.15 a.m. that the votes for the number of men and about four and a quarter millions of money were passed.

All this time sensational reports as to divisions in the Cabinet, and the resignation of the Prime Minister, were rife; the only basis for which was the temporary illness of Mr. Gladstone and the loss of his voice, which prevented him from appearing in the House, or taking part in Ministerial deliberations. The absence of the right hon. gentleman, who has been ordered to take some days' rest in the country, is at this juncture a serious calamity, especially as it is surmised that mental worry, even more than a cold, is the main cause of his indisposition. Though Lord Hartington manfully stands in the breach, he is almost powerless to deal with veiled obstruction persistently applied to waste the time of the Legislature. The promise of the Government to take the Cattle Diseases Bill before the second reading of the Franchise Bill has still further complicated matters. That measure was put down for a day sitting on Tuesday; but, of course, after Mr. Dodson had announced that Ministers could not accept the chief amendment of the Upper House, it was talked out; and it illustrates the inexplicable caprice of the Commons that forty members could not be induced to make a House at the evening sitting. With obstruction on Government nights and counts-out at other times—what is to become of the Parliamentary reputation of England? On this side of Easter there are only five nights at the disposal of the Treasury Bench. The Budget is already virtually postponed; and if the Cattle Bill should absorb two more Government nights, three only will be left to discuss the Franchise Bill at its vital stage. The two months of the present Session have confirmed the experience of last Session, that the new Rules of Procedure as an antidote to obstruction are quite useless. This is a very dismal prospect for the future.

Notwithstanding the fearful slaughter at the battle of Tamasi, Osman Digna remains obdurate, and is trying to gather a force of Arabs with a view to another engagement. But the coercion used by him towards the tribal chiefs can hardly last long. This ferocious fanatic—upon whose head Admiral Hewett put a price in a very ill-advised proclamation, since ordered to be withdrawn—is not probably strong enough to take the field again, but he may do much mischief—especially on the road from Souakim to Berber—by keeping up a guerrilla war. It is probable that a further advance will be made by General Graham, unless indeed he should be previously attacked by his fanatical foes. General Gordon's movements are still shrouded in mystery. Before the telegraphic wire was again cut more than a week ago, he was apprehensive of being shut up in Khartoum by a chief who represents the interests of the Mahdi on the banks of the Nile between that city and Berber, and who is preparing to attack Shendy. Our Government have finally declined to put that part of the Soudan under the rule of Zebhr Pasha; but it does not appear whether they have persuaded General Gordon to remain at Khartoum as dictator; and Lord Hartington, who is baited daily on the subject, resolutely refuses to disclose the policy of the Cabinet, which could only give rise to a new debate in the House of Commons. It is to be hoped that no further military expeditions in Eastern Soudan will be found necessary, and that General Gordon's ready resource may eventually triumph over the perils that beset him at Khartoum. But we are told that his position is exciting increased uneasiness in official circles at Cairo.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

At the suggestion of the Rev. Pastor Bersier, of the Reformed Church of Paris, influential committees have been formed in Paris and in London for the purpose of raising funds for the erection of a monument to the memory of Gaspar de Coligni, or Coligny, Admiral of France, "the noblest of the Huguenots and the most illustrious of the victims of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew." Among the distinguished members of the French Committee I find the name of the Marquis de Jaucourt, a descendant of Duplessis Mornay, the Councillor of Henri Quatre. The English Committee list presents a brilliant array of well-known personages, including the Bishop of Oxford, the Deans of Canterbury and Westminster, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Folkestone, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Henry Gordon Lennox, Sir Richard Wallace, the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, and many other noblemen and gentlemen. And I am glad to find in the English list such good old "Revocation of the Edict of Nantes" names as Giraud, Shoppee, Portal, St. Aubyn, Roumieu, Jourdain, De Watteville, and Daugars.

The monument is to occupy a splendid position in the heart of Paris. The French Government has warmly approved of the scheme; and substantial aid from the State has been granted to the amount of more than thirty thousand francs; while the Municipality of Paris has granted, gratuitously, a site in the Rue de Rivoli opposite the Louvre, and only a few paces from the spot where the Admiral was murdered on Aug. 24, 1572. You will remember that it was one Besme, a bravo in the employment of the Duke of Guise, who, at the head of a band of assassins, forced his way into the apartment of the Admiral, whom he found tranquilly sitting in his arm-chair. Besme repeatedly plunged his sword into the poor old man's body, which he flung out of window into the courtyard of the Louvre. It fell at the very feet of Coligny's cruel and dastardly enemy the Duke of Guise; and the Admiral had only strength enough to murmur, "Ah! if I could only have died by the hand of an honest man, and not of a scoundrel," when he gave up the ghost.

Venerating as I do from one point of view the name of Coligny, I entertain for it, in another sense, an acute aversion, and have not ceased to do so any time these five-and-forty years past. The phenomena of the human memory are almost infinite; and among the phenomena of mine own is an almost utter incapacity to learn anything by heart. I feel tolerably certain that I should be unable, now, to recite as many as five-and-twenty lines of any author, British or foreign, ancient or modern, without making at least ten blunders. And it has always been thus with me. In the year 1839 I was set to learn, as a task, fifty lines of the crack passage in the "Henriade," beginning—

Coligny languissait dans les bras du repos,
Et le sommeil trompeur lui versait ses pavots;
Soudain de mille cris le bruit épouvantable,
Vient arracher ses sens à ce calme agréable.

I wrote out the lines full ten times. No good. I read them aloud and tried to repeat them mentally. No good. I translated them into other tongues. No good. I broke down over Admiral de Coligny (why deprive him of his particle?) as ignominiously in 1839 as I should break down were I to essay to "spout" those half-hundred of lines from Voltaire in 1884. And so I began (through shame) to hate the very name of Coligny. The circumstance of my rhetorical collapse does not hinder me from hailing as most admirable the movement for the erection of a suitable memorial to the friend of Calvin, of Theodore Beza, and of Jeanne d'Albret; nor from stating that English subscriptions to the Fund can be sent to the Hon. A. F. Kinnaird, 2, Pall-mall East, S.W.

I have this week to echo the triumph in decorative art won by Mr. T. J. Gullick in his great mirror-picture, "The Genius of the Feast," intended for the decoration of a large dining-room, which he is exhibiting at the Decorative Art Galleries and School, 103, New Bond-street. Many Royal Academician have already testified their astonishment at the success of this accomplished gentleman, equally well known as a painter and as an art-critic, in reviving a long-neglected art, or, rather, his invention of a new one. For Mr. Gullick's work is strongest where the old was weakest. Instead of appearing cut out and *appliquéd*, his genii seem really floating in the air; the magnificent array for dessert appears to be positively in relief, as they should appear on a mirror where there is no apparent flat surface to deal with. His work produces a new sensation in modern art, and renders the stories of the illusions produced on men and animals by the old Greek painters credible. This result is clearly due to the great truth of the painting; for while the mirror will help the veracious painter with its illusive reflections, it will instantly betray artificiality or mannerism. Mr. Gullick's decorative picture is not only masterly in design and execution, but it is almost phenomenal, and it raises interesting problems for art-criticism of which we shall not quickly hear the end.

The numbers of letters which I have received from correspondents, the greater number of whom hail from the United States, respecting the meaning of the term of American political slang "gerrymandering," has reached such alarming proportions that I must respectfully entreat my unknown friends from inflicting on me any more communications on the subject. I told my English readers, on the authority of Webster and Bartlett, what "gerrymandering" means; and if my Spanish correspondent had spelt the word with a g, instead of a j, I should have been able to have given him an explanation of its meaning from Professor Schule De Ver's book on Americanisms, in the index to which the word is spelt "gerrimander," although, in the text, the participle of it is spelt "gerrymandering." But when it comes to an obliging gentleman at New York sending me forty-seven lines, with twelve words to the line, produced by means of the American type-writer, and all about gerrymandering—the g, he kindly says, is hard—I think that it is time to cry, "Hold! enough!"

"Poison in the Kitchen!" Horrible announcement! I remember that one Mr. Accum once made some terrific revelations concerning "Death in the Pot." But I fancy that the most appropriate sub-title for "Poison in the Kitchen" would be a "Tempest in a Teapot." A number of newspaper cuttings have been sent me containing the alarming assertion that "few persons are aware that it is the practice of cooks to add common soda to the water in which vegetables are boiled; and when it is remembered that the washing soda is used when something stronger than soap is required to remove dirt from clothes or boards, it may readily be imagined how injurious such a caustic ingredient may be when introduced into the stomach in combination with food. In families where soda is permitted to be used for culinary purposes it is the bi-carbonate of soda which is intended; but nothing of the kind is required, in order to make vegetables green, if properly cooked."

Indeed! "Few people are aware," are they, that Mrs. Cook, when she is boiling green vegetables, pops a bit of soda into the pot to soften the water and improve the colour? How many scores of thousands of good English dinners have been cooked, I wonder, in accordance with the rules laid down by Eliza Acton in her "Modern Cookery in all its Branches?" Her book has been published more than forty years, and new editions continue to be called for. Come forth, Eliza, in your edition (Longman's) of 1847 "Dedicated to the Young Housekeepers of England," and heap confusion on the heads of these discoverers of mares' nests. Hear E. A. at page 300 of her valuable and standard book:—

To BOIL VEGETABLES GREEN. After they have been properly prepared and washed, throw them into plenty of boiling water which has been salted and well skimmed, and keep them uncovered and boiling fast until they are done, taking every possible precaution against their being smoked. Should the water be very hard, a bit of soda the size of a hazel nut or a small half tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda may be added to the salt for every two quarts, and will greatly improve the colour of the vegetables.

And then Eliza proceeds to give the exact proportions of the ingredients required for boiling:—Water, one gallon; salt, 2 oz.; soda, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. to $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; or, carbonate of soda, one tea-spoonful. Naturally she deprecates the use of an excess of soda, which, she points out, would injure instead of improving the vegetables. The precise dimensions of the "little bit of soda" should be left to the discretion of the cook; and if the cook be not a person capable of exercising discretion, the best thing you can do is to get rid of her. In my own kitchen the "little bit of soda" rarely exceeds the dimensions of a small pea; and I should think it both foolish, impudent, and unjust to allow my cook to be interfered with in this respect.

On the other side of the Atlantic the virtues of the "little bit of soda" are quite as well known as they are in England. I read in Mrs. Ellet's "Practical Housekeeper and Cyclopædia of Domestic Economy" (New York, 1857):—"Hard water spoils the colour of such vegetables as should be green; but a very small bit of soda or carbonate of ammonia will soften the water, and even improve the colour of the vegetables."

Mem.: There is reason in the boiling of vegetables, as in the roasting of eggs. More than fifty years ago my mother had to discharge a cook who persisted in boiling a halfpenny with the peas, "to give them a lovely green." This was a case of "poison in the kitchen" with a vengeance. Yet the poor woman was only unconsciously following the teaching of Mrs. Glasse, who prescribes the boiling of certain vegetables in kettles of untinned copper, "to give them a good green."

The derivation of the word "d'oyley," or "doily," continues pleasantly to exercise me—that is to say, I have been hunting among books by the hour together in quest of more "d'oyley" information. But in the nick of time comes a communication from an unimpeachable authority (to whom I am much beholden), telling me that, although the records of the very ancient family of D'Oyley corroborate the statement that there was once in the Strand a draper who sold ornate dinner napkins, and whose name was D'Oyley, the real etymology of the article in question can be traced as far back as the Norman Conquest.

William the Conqueror created his friend and follower, Robert D'Oyley, Baron Hocknorton, A.D. 1067, granting him the city and barony of Oxford and twenty-eight lordships in that county. He also held the manor of Pushall Nappa of the Crown in *capite* by serjeanty by the yearly tender of a tablecloth, of three shillings value, at the feast of St. Michael. Agreeably to the fashion of the time, the ladies of the D'Oyley family were accustomed to embroider and ornament the quit-rent tablecloths; hence these little cloths becoming curiosities, and accumulating in the course of years, were at length brought into use as napkins at the Royal table. Record is extant of a suit brought in Hilary Term, 13th Edward (my correspondent does not state what Edward) by the Attorney-General, on behalf of the Crown, against the feudatory owner of Pushall Nappa, for the tablecloth.

Was D'Oyley, the draper, a member of the ancient Baronial family of D'Oyley? There is no valid reason why he should not have been; for in the days before stuckupness it was common enough for the cadets of good houses to go into trade. There is something not unpleasing in the thought of a young and poor D'Oyley starting in the dry goods line, and the ladies of the family, all expert art-needlewomen, setting him up with a stock of "doileys" to begin with.

Mem.: In Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of England" it is stated that Robert D'Oily (with an i) took Oxford by storm for the Conqueror, and built on the west side of the city a strong castle. But whence did the Conqueror's doughty adherent get his name? I read in "Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage" that the motto of the family represented by Major-General Sir Charles Walters D'Oyley, Bart., is, "Do no ylle, quoth D'Oyllé." A curious instance of Anglo-Saxon punning on a Norman name. But whence D'Oyley, or D'Oyllé, or Doiley? Is there or was there such a place in Normandy; or has it aught to do with the French word "ourlet," the hem of a cloth or napery? The D'Oyley family seem constantly to have been associated with the Royal dinner-table. Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, in his enlarged edition of "Blount's Tenures of Land and Customs of Manors" (Reeves and Turner, 1874), says, quoting Blount, that "Ela

Countess of Warwick holds the manor of Hocknorton in the county of Oxford, which was of the barony of D'Oyley of our lord the King, *in capite*, by the Serjeanty of carving before our lord the King on Christmas Day (scindendo coram domino Regi die natalis Domini), and to have the knife of our lord the King, with which she carved."

Carving obviously suggests beef; and here "R. H." says that Robie, in his "Traditions of Lancashire," asserts that a loin of beef was knighted by King James the First at Hoghton Tower, Lancashire, in August, 1617, and that the tradition has been repeated by Harrison Ainsworth in his novel of "The Lancashire Witches"; but that, on the other hand, in "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates," s.v., "sirloin:" it is said that the loin of beef was knighted by Charles II. I would respectfully reply that I do not believe a word of the story of the loin of beef being knighted either by James I. or Charles II. I have an Anglo-French dictionary of the time of William III., in which the joint is spelled "surloin"; and the latest etymological authorities concur in the opinion that sirloin (or, better, surloin) is a corruption of two French words, "sur" and "longe."

A correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press*, being on a railway journey, availed himself of a stoppage of "thirty minutes for refreshment" at Chester to take a ramble through the streets of that rare old city. In the course of his article, he writes:—

After all, there is no new thing under the sun. The elevated railroads of New York, that were thought to be something entirely original, are nothing more nor less than the ancient upper walks of Chester modernised. In the old city people walk past the second story windows, or the first floor, as it is called in England. In the new city the people wheel past the second story window in carriages.

And then the gentleman starts off at a tangent, and calls upon me to explain why my countrymen call the second floor the first floor. But we don't, good Sir. We are even more absurd. The kitchen is really the first floor, the parlour is the second, and the drawing-room floor (which we call the first floor) is structurally the third. In the Regent's-quadrant the first floor is structurally the fourth; because between the ground floor and the drawing-room floor there is the entresol or mezzanine floor. The French are equally guilty with ourselves of this solecism. They say "au premier"; but when the house has a mezzanine floor they have at least the grace to add to "premier" "au dessus de l'entresol."

But, on the other hand, I should be very much obliged to anybody who would tell me who was the reprehensible English architect who first built houses with "areas" and subterranean kitchens for our servants to pass the major part of their lives among crickets and cockroaches. There were assuredly no houses with underground offices prior to the Great Fire of 1666. I can scarcely believe that Sir Christopher Wren would ever have planned such an inhuman method of economising space; and I fancy that it was in the early Georgian era that the practice first crept in. But whence? Scarcely from the Continent.

"A van L" (Upper Norwood) points out that, with reference to the alleged derivation of "doily" from "dwaele," it is erroneous to translate the latter word as "towel." "Dwale" (Flemish way of spelling), "dwaal" (Dutch), stands for a white altar-cloth used in Roman Catholic churches; while "dwijl" corresponds with the word "towel," or, better still, with the French "torchon."

I beg to say that I do not know Dutch. I wish that I did. I quoted from the latest edition of the Imperial Dictionary; and the erroneous translation of "dwaele" should certainly be rectified in the next edition of that important lexicon. Meanwhile, I looked out "towel" in Sewel and Buys' Anglo-Dutch Dictionary, Amsterdam, 1766; and I find the word rendered as a "banddoek," and a "droogdoek."

And here occurs a very curious possibility. Mr. D'Oyley the Draper might have dealt not only in the ancestral and home-embroidered "doily," but also in the Dutch "dwaele" or better "dwaal." Fine linen in the early part of the eighteenth century was extensively imported from Holland for the adornment not only of Roman Catholic but of Anglican places of worship; and these importations seem to have included canonical vestments as well as altar-cloths.

Mem.: In "Coxe's Life of Marlborough," I find that in the old age of the Great Captain there was performed for his entertainment at Blenheim, by his grandchildren and their juvenile companions, the play of "All for Love; or, The World Well Lost." Miss Caines, who played Serapion, the high priest, "wore a very fine surplice that came from Holland for the chapel. No sacrilege"—hastens to add Lady Blayney in her lively narrative of the performance—"for the chapel was not consecrated for some time afterwards. What makes me call it a fine surplice is that all the breast was worked in what, many years after, was called Dresden work."

Some very affecting, albeit lightly written, stanzas to the memory of the late William Blanchard Jerrold are published in the current week's *Punch*. These verses do justice to the quiet, genial, and amiable character of my deceased friend, whose remains were interred at Lower Norwood Cemetery on Thursday the 13th inst., in the grave where lie the ashes of his father, Douglas Jerrold, buried there in 1857. The gathering round the tomb of Blanchard Jerrold was not very numerous—had the funeral been on Saturday, it would doubtless have been attended by large numbers of those working classes of whom the deceased was so firm a friend—still the assemblage included a fairly representative assemblage of Blanchard Jerrold's oldest and truest friends—such as (among others) Mr. McCullagh Torrens, M.P. for Finsbury; Mr. Fortescue Harrison, Mr. Edmund Yates; Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A.; Mr. W. Fraser Rae, Mr. Lewis Morris (author of "The Epic of Hades"), Mr. J. C. Parkinson, Mr. R. G. Glover, Mr. Montalba, Mr. Willert Beale, and Mr. John Livesey.

G. A. S.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN : BATTLE OF EL TEB, FEB. 29—STORMING OF THE FIRST FORT, ARMED WITH TWO KRUPP GUNS, BY 65TH AND 75TH (GORDON HIGHLANDERS).
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



1. "Can I offer you some refreshment?"

2. Some People who object to Leap-Year Balls.

3. "Are you engaged?"

4. "Awfully sorry! Programme full."

5. Money at a discount.

MAJOR-GENERAL C. G. GORDON, C.B.

A painful degree of uncertainty and anxiety is just now felt concerning the position of General Gordon at Khartoum, and the effect of his proposals for the settlement of the Soudan. His personal character, however, is regarded with so much interest by English people of every class and party, whatever opinion they may form respecting the chances of success in his present endeavour, that we believe our readers will gladly accept, for the Extra Supplement to this week's publication, a Coloured Portrait in a more finished style than the one which we gave some weeks ago. The portraiture of his face is copied from the photograph by Messrs. Adams and Scanlan, of Southampton, which is the best that has recently been taken; but the costume, being that of the gorgeous Egyptian uniform worn by "Gordon Pasha," as Governor-General of the Soudan, previously to his resignation of that office in June, 1879, is from a photograph taken at Khartoum, which is published here by the London Stereoscopic Company.

The incidents of General Gordon's adventurous life, and especially his remarkable achievements both in China and the Soudan, have been narrated in this Journal upon more than one occasion. It is sufficient to repeat a few dates and facts of biographical importance, and to notice the peculiar antecedents of his present mission to Khartoum. Charles George Gordon, born at Woolwich, Jan. 28, 1833, is fourth son of the late Lieut.-General Henry William Gordon, R.A., one of an old Highland family who had been distinguished soldiers in four generations. His mother was a daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Enderby, of Blackheath, a London merchant and shipowner, who was extensively concerned in the South Sea whaling enterprise, and in the discovery of the Auckland Isles and similar geographical explorations. Charles Gordon was educated at Taunton, and at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich; he entered the Royal Engineers in 1854, and served at the siege of Sebastopol, at the capture of Kinburn, and in the engineering operations for the demolition of the Russian naval docks. He was engaged from May, 1856, in assisting to lay down the new frontier of Bessarabia, and from April, 1857, to the end of 1858, in similar work on the Armenian frontier. In July, 1860, he was sent to China, and took part in the siege of Pekin, after which Major Gordon remained as commander of the Royal Engineers at Tien-Tsin, and was also employed in the survey of the country around Shanghai. The Tai-Ping rebellion in China, which had first broken out in 1851, became in 1860 threatening to the safety of Shanghai and other ports of foreign commerce. After several years of desultory warfare, the Chinese Government requested the aid of the British Government to supply a competent officer for the work of organising and directing the Imperial forces against the rebels. Major Gordon was selected for this service, and was furnished by Li-Hung-Chang, Governor-General of the Kiang provinces (who is now Prime Minister of the Chinese Empire), with the requisite powers. In 1863 and 1864, Gordon performed wonders of rapid military preparation, drilling and training a small but efficient Chinese army, and of daring, skilful, and victorious action, capturing the towns of Tai-Tsan, Quin-San, and Soo-Chow, and other places of importance, which soon led to the recovery of Nankin and the suppression of the Tai-Ping rebellion. Colonel Gordon's services were heartily applauded not only by the Chinese Government but also by the British and other European mercantile people in China. He returned to England at the end of 1864, and was appointed to the command of the Royal Engineers at Gravesend, and employed in the construction of the Thames fortifications till 1871, when he was sent to Galatz, and to the mouths of the Danube, as British Commissioner for the improvement of the navigation of that river.

We are now to speak of Colonel Gordon's first mission to the Soudan. Early in the year 1874, having met Nubar Pasha, Prime Minister of Egypt, he was invited to succeed Sir Samuel Baker as Governor of the Equatorial Lake Provinces of the Upper Nile, with a view to suppressing the slave trade. He went thither, arriving at Khartoum on March 12, and proceeding to Gondokoro, then the seat of his government, where he arrived on Sept. 4, having spent much time in visiting the districts of the Saubat river and Bahr-el-Ghazel, tributaries of the White Nile. Gordon's first period of Soudan administration, which was from 1874 to the end of 1876, was limited to the line of the White Nile and the shores of Lakes Albert Nyanza and Victoria Nyanza, with the assistance of Romolo Gessi, an Italian, his second in command. He undoubtedly performed great things at this period, establishing a series of military stations along the line, subduing the unruly negro chiefs, deposing and punishing official malefactors, and local rulers who abused their power, and delivering hundreds of people from the slave traders. But the second period of his government, in the years 1877 to the end of 1879, was attended with far less satisfactory results. He had returned from a visit to England, and had been invested with much more extensive powers, as Governor-General of the whole of the Soudan provinces, including Kordofan and Darfour, with Khartoum for the centre of this vast dominion. He had no longer to deal simply with the mere savages of the White Nile and the Lake region, but with the fierce and warlike Mussulman tribes of the Arab race, with Zebehr Pasha and his powerful faction, and with the corrupt Egyptian officials who were in league with them, and who were interested in maintaining the slave trade. It must be confessed that General Gordon's efforts to contend against these foes of civilisation proved an utter failure, and after two years and a half of terrible conflict, he threw up his office in disgust. At that time, the Khedive of Egypt, whom he served, was still in the possession of a large army and a considerable revenue; and if the restoration of order in the Soudan was then found impracticable, it must be more hopelessly impossible now. We ought not, therefore, to feel surprised that General Gordon is obliged, in these days, when he is again at Khartoum, with the mere nominal title of Governor-General, and without any military force, to surrender Darfour and all that region to the Mahdi, to proclaim the toleration of slavery, and, finally, to propose the admission of Zebehr, his former great enemy, as the only person capable of ruling the central districts of the Soudan. It is a signal practical refutation of all the well-meaning but fallacious projects that have been entertained for the subjection of those immense territories, with their barbarous and restless population, to the dominion of a civilised government. The sooner this fact is recognised, and the remnant of the Egyptian garrisons withdrawn in peace, the better will it be for Egypt and for England; and General Gordon may then come home, to receive the thanks of his countrymen for getting them out of a very perilous situation.

These views are fully supported by the study of General Gordon's interesting private letters from the Soudan, published in a volume edited by Dr. Birkbeck Hill, entitled "Colonel Gordon in Central Africa," which appeared in 1881, and some extracts from which are included in Mr. A. Egmont Hake's volume, "The Story of Chinese Gordon," published this year by Remington and Co. General Gordon's deliberate conviction, from his five years' experience of the Soudan, is recorded to the effect that the slave trade can only be effectually checked by closing the market for slaves in Egypt

and in the Asiatic provinces of the Turkish Empire, especially by guarding the Red Sea ports; and that to attempt its forcible suppression in the Soudan is to do more harm than good. The British Government, and the British public, will be wise to act upon this opinion, and will not suffer the rivalries of our political factions to distract them from a course prescribed by true humanity, as well by justice and prudence—that of leaving the interior of the Soudan to its own people.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

The second important battle of the British force, under command of Major-General Sir Gerald Graham, with the Arabs of the Eastern Soudan, took place, as was anticipated, on the Thursday morning of last week. It proved one of the most sanguinary actions in which our soldiers have been engaged; the slaughter of the enemy being reckoned at two thousand three hundred killed, while the number of wounded has been estimated at possibly six thousand. The British loss was ninety-one killed, nineteen missing, and over a hundred wounded. The camp of Osman Digna, the chief of the hostile tribes, at Tamaniib or Tamaniied, a village of huts seventeen miles from Souakim, was destroyed next day, with large quantities of stores and ammunition. Osman Digna and the remnant of his followers had fled into the mountains.

The battle took place from half-past eight in the morning till noon on Thursday week, at the village of Tamasi, within a short distance of Tamaniib. The British force advanced from the "sereeba," or inclosure of brushwood and thorn-branches, where it had passed a restless night, much disturbed by rifle-shots from the enemy lurking around. The formation was in échelon of brigades, with the 2nd Brigade in advance. The front line was formed by a half-battalion of the York and Lancaster Regiments and a half-battalion of the Black Watch (Royal Highlanders), with the other half-battalion of each regiment in open column in the respective outer flanks, ready to wheel up into line. In rear, in a second line, close to the flanks of the first line, were the Royal Marines, in line. A nine-pounder battery of four guns was in rear of the detachment of the York and Lancaster Regiment, having the half-battalion of that regiment in column on its right flank. The Gatling battery was in the same position on the left flank of the front line, so that on the word "Halt," by the outward wheel of the half-battalion on the flank, square would be instantly formed. The 1st Brigade was in the same formation, with a half-battalion of the Gordon Highlanders and a half-battalion of the Royal Irish Fusiliers forming the front line, and the remaining half-battalions of these regiments in column in rear of their flanks. The camel battery was in rear of the centre of the front line.

The morning was bright and clear, but with no breeze to carry away the smoke of the men's fire. As they approached the steep side of the valley, they were met by numerous bodies of the enemy, who retreated before the fire of our men to the foot of the incline. When the front ranks of the British troops reached this, the enemy suddenly appeared in great numbers, leaping from behind the rocks, and made a wild charge upon the square. Our men could not see the enemy for the smoke, and a momentary panic arose. The Arabs were quick to profit by the confusion in our ranks. They crawled on their hands and knees beneath the bayonets and beneath the muzzles of the Gardners and Gatlings, and thus got into the square, when they commenced stabbing and slashing our men, doing terrible execution among them. At close quarters with the cold steel, our men were no match for these powerful savages, who dodged the bayonets or caught them on their shields, and delivered two or three spear thrusts before the English soldiers armed with the bayonets could recover. The York and Lancaster Regiment fell back in confusion behind the Naval Brigade, thus cutting the latter off from their limbers and ammunition. That the Naval Brigade stuck to their guns to the last, is sufficiently testified by the fact that they lost three officers and eleven men before they left their guns, and then only retired when they had no more ammunition. The panic spread rapidly, and in a few moments the whole brigade was in hot retreat, the Arabs following them closely, stabbing and hacking the hindmost. They retired about 500 yards; it was some minutes before the retreat could be checked, and then the check was in a great measure due to the action of the cavalry, which advanced at a trot, meaning to afford aid to the infantry by a charge. This, happily, was unnecessary. The enemy, seeing a large body of cavalry bearing down upon them, hesitated, and this gave time to the soldiers to listen to their officers and re-form. They did so not a moment too soon, for the enemy, elated by their first success, began to come on again, and the men had hard work to do to repulse them by a heavy fire. Here, again, the cavalry did good service, some of the squadrons dismounting and firing volleys at the enemy, who were collecting and advancing towards the rear and flanks of the 2nd Brigade. When once the men had halted and turned, they quickly re-formed and advanced slowly and in good order towards the abandoned Gatlings. During their retreat the York and Lancaster Regiment suffered heavily, losing two officers and over twenty men; while the Black Watch (Royal Highlanders) lost one officer and nearly sixty men. This brigade generally suffered severely. Meanwhile, the 1st Brigade, some quarter of a mile in the rear and to the right of the 2nd Brigade, had been hotly engaged, the attack being chiefly made on their right flank. The 1st Brigade advanced slowly, in excellent order, the enemy falling back before it, and leaving numbers lying on the ground. They passed the spot where the guns were left, and advanced to the edge of the ridge, commanding the entire breadth of the valley, where they poured a murderous fire into the enemy, who were soon in hot retreat, tumbling down the valley side, scouring across the plain, and hiding here and there behind the bushes and rocks. Now and then, with wonderful courage, a small group of two or three devoted fanatics charged up the valley side, only to fall after proceeding a few yards, their bodies in some instances rolling and bounding downwards from rock to rock. The 2nd Brigade had also advanced by this time to regain the guns, of which the Naval Brigade took possession with a cheer. One Gatling, however, had been run down in the valley by the enemy, and this was not got up till about half an hour later. The enemy were now on the opposite side of the valley, and saluted them with a continual dropping musketry fire, which, fortunately did but little harm. After a short halt, but not long enough to give the enemy time to rally, the 1st Brigade again advanced, taking with them this time the nine-pounder battery. The brigade descended slowly into the valley and then took the opposite heights at the charge. Clearing the way before them with a steady fire, they descended the next hill into a small valley, where Osman Digna's camp and the village of Tamasi lay. The enemy made an attempt to hold their own, but in doing so only lost a few more brave warriors, and the village was taken. The troops returned to the sereeba, and at night they heard the Arabs on the battle-field wailing for their dead, many of whom they buried. The whole number of the enemy actually engaged is estimated at ten or twelve thousand; Osman Digna

was on a rock, beholding or directing the battle, but did not mingle with the combatants. A reward of five thousand dollars was offered for taking him, "alive or dead;" but this proclamation has been withdrawn, being disapproved by her Majesty's Government.

The officers killed in this last action were Major Walker Aitken, of the 1st Battalion Royal Highlanders; Captain Ford, of the 65th (York and Lancaster) Regiment; Lieutenant Houston Stewart, R.N., son of Admiral Sir Houston Stewart; Lieutenant Walter Byrom Almack, R.N.; and Lieutenant H. H. Montresor, R.N., serving with the Naval Brigade. The Queen has sent a message to General Sir G. Graham, thanking the army for its services, and inquiring about the state of the wounded. On Tuesday last, detachments of the 19th Hussars and the 75th Gordon Highlanders, under Major-General Stewart, commanding the cavalry, were sent to occupy a position at Handoub, twelve miles west of Souakim on the Berber road. They were accompanied by the Sheikh Mahmoud Ali, chief of one of the friendly tribes north of Souakim (the Bishareen Arabs), who would endeavour to convene a meeting of those tribes to form an alliance with the English. Osman Digna has about two thousand men of the Haddendowa tribes still remaining with him in the mountains, and he threatens to fight again. There is a great scarcity of water on the road to Berber.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, has informed us by telegraph that he was present at the battle of Thursday week, and has sent off sketches of the battle, which we hope to receive next week. His first sketch of the battle of El Teb, fought on Friday, the 29th ult., arrived in London, as our readers are aware, on Monday, the 10th inst., and a facsimile of that sketch, copied by the direct photographic process, appeared in our last week's publication. We now present, in like manner, six more of his sketches of the Battle of El Teb, namely, that representing the 65th and 75th (Gordon Highlanders) Regiments, storming the first of the enemy's fortified earthworks, which was armed with two Krupp guns; another sketch, which shows the Royal Highlanders (the old "Black Watch," or 42nd Regiment) carrying the enemy's second position by assault; the Naval Brigade in action, with their Gatling and Gardner machine-guns pouring out showers of bullets; and the cavalry charge of the 10th Hussars and 19th Hussars, who rode through a dense mass of the retreating enemy, but lost four officers and above twenty troopers in cutting their way to and fro. The two sketches on our front page are those of the fighting, early in the engagement, to dislodge the enemy from an old building of sun-dried red brick, which is said to have been erected by order of the late Khedive Ismail Pasha for a sugar-mill, when he indulged the project of cultivating sugar in the Soudan. An old iron boiler, for the steam-engine which was to have worked this sugar-mill, lies near the building; though one account of it is that it was to have been forwarded to Tokar, for some manufacturing establishment there designed by the Egyptian Government ten or fifteen years ago. Scores of the enemy had got behind this large boiler, or had even concealed themselves inside of it, to rush out and attack our soldiers, or to fire upon them as they went past, in the first advance upon the earthworks beyond; while others lay hidden in trenches or holes which they had dug in the ground. About two hundred of them were shot or bayoneted in and around these hiding-places, after the main fortified position was stormed by the British troops. The battle of El Teb was stoutly contested to the end, the Arabs behaving with extraordinary courage and valour, as they did again in the second battle, that of Tamasi or Tamaniib, on Thursday week.

The news from Berber, on Wednesday, was rather alarming; the Arabs between that place and Khartoum have risen against the Egyptian Government, and have stopped the passage of boats up and down the Nile. The telegraph line to Khartoum is again broken, and no message from General Gordon has been received for more than a week past.

A LEAP-YEAR BALL.

The amusing possibilities of a temporary exchange of parts in the mutual courtesies of the sexes during Leap-Year—for this reversed condition of their intercourse has not been understood to be confined to a single day, the Twenty-ninth of February—will continue to demand some playful remark. Ladies are entitled to make a discreet use of the opportunity, and gentlemen will find it very pleasant to become the victims in their turn, instead of bearing the constant responsibility of an aggressive attitude, striving for the conquest and annexation of fair partners in society or in domestic life. Even in the ball-room, where ten or twenty successive partnerships are formed and dissolved between the evening and the next morning, the required solicitations and negotiations, and the maintenance of consequent assiduous behaviour, "take it out of a man," in a crowded assembly for several hours of a warm night, to such an extent that he often becomes an object of humane compassion. It is not amiss, therefore, once in a way, to let the enterprising and energetic young women, who enjoy superior physical and intellectual training at the present day, exert their powers in the various arts of refined and delicate courtship, inviting the others to dance, securing engagements for the next available number on the programme card, leading their coy but grateful swains to the performance of a waltz or polka, and serving them with ices, macaroons, or champagne from the buffet, at intervals of two hours, before and after supper. Men are not, indeed, accustomed to this agreeable treatment; but they will be sure to like it when they get it; and some of them may wish it were always Leap-Year, and will hereafter remember the balls and parties of 1884 as the happiest experience of their youthful lives. Still more certainly will the pleasant and salutary change be felt as a welcome relief to men who are no longer young, whose vigour is waning, and whose spirits are unequal to the task of striking up a fresh conversation with a score of nice girls, or blooming and graceful matrons (these are much easier to talk with), one after another committed to their temporary charge. The idea which has been successfully developed in our Artist's Sketches of "A Leap-Year Ball" is worthy of all commendation, notwithstanding the austere looks of those "People who object to it," and with whom it is not worth while to argue the point. For the advocacy, in general, of "women's rights," it is good policy, no doubt, to show that they may have the effect of saving men a great deal of trouble.

A mural tablet, with a bust of Samuel Pepys, the diarist, was unveiled on Tuesday afternoon in the Church of St. Olave, Hart-street, Mark-lane, by the Deputy Master of the Trinity House, and after an address on the attributes of Pepys had been delivered by the American Minister.

A private view of a loan exhibition of works of art took place on Tuesday, at 19, Arlington-street, by permission of the Earl of Zetland, in aid of the recreation-rooms for factory and other working girls established in various parts of the east end of London, by the East London Organising Committee of the Girls' Friendly Society. The benevolent work is under the patronage of the Duchess of Leeds, who is assisted by a large committee, including several ladies.



MAJOR GENERAL CHARLES GEORGE GORDON. C.B.

GOVERNOR GENERAL OF THE SOUDAN.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

On Friday, the 14th inst., Signor Salvini appeared as the hero in Saumet's gloomy and repulsive but eminently powerful and dramatic play "Il Gladiatore." The part of the Thracian athlete, who under his slave name of Niger is condemned and obscure, but who as "The Gladiator" has filled the whole Roman world with the fame of his exploits, is one of the great Italian tragedian's finest impersonations, and may be placed next to his Othello in its sustained passion and pathos. As the Gladiator, again, Salvini does not challenge criticism—or hypercriticism—as to his "reading" of the part. There are critics who are for and critics who are against his rendering of such characters as Macbeth and Lear; but it would be difficult to tell what objection could possibly be urged against his version of the noble-minded victim of the cruelty and superstition of the Empress Faustina. He has made the part his own, and no other "reading" than the one which he gives of it would be feasible. Psychologically the character of the Gladiator bears a strong resemblance to that of the deformed Jester, Triboulet, in Victor Hugo's "Roi s'Amuse," more familiar to English playgoers as the Bertuccio of "The Fool's Revenge," and to lovers of Italian opera as "Rigoletto." Like Triboulet, the Thracian Niger has had to avenge the fearful wrong done to his wife, "the fair-haired Gaul," of whose dying agonies the Gladiator, bound by the orders of the implacable Faustina by shackles to a pillar, has been compelled to be an eye-witness. Like Triboulet, again, the Gladiator idolises the daughter whom he at first rescues from the ferocious hands of Faustina, the daughter of whom he is afterwards robbed, and whom he ultimately slays; but at this point the characteristic affinity between the Jester of the Court of Francis I. and the Gladiator of the days of the Caesars ceases. It is by accident that the deformed buffoon kills Blanche. It is by design that the Gladiator kills Neodamia. He avowedly repeats the deed of Virginius. A detailed description of the plot of Saumet's play would be as unsuitable in these columns as the giving out as an exercise for translation by the students of a Ladies' College of the passages in Suetonius relating to the life of Messalina. It is to be assumed that the Faustina of "Il Gladiatore" was not Annia Galeria Faustina, the wife of the Emperor Antoninus Pius, and who died A.D. 141, but Annia Faustina, one of the wives of Heliogabalus: since in the play at Covent Garden she is made the contemporary of the Early Christian Father Origen; and both Faustina and Origen lived in the third century. However, there were several Faustinas, most of them very beautiful and very worthless ladies; although, as it happens, the Empress, who was the contemporary of Origen, was the plainest in features and the best-behaved in manners of the Faustian series. Historical accuracy may be absent from Saumet's play; but it would be unjust to call its incidents improbable or even overcharged. It is from beginning to end imperially and terribly Roman: a long-drawn record of tyranny, profligacy, cruelty, and revenge—its gloom only relieved by the dim reflection of the Church in the Catacombs. The martyrdom of Neodamia, the sufferings and death of the Gladiator, will be ere long avenged by the triumph of Christianity over Paganism and the final suppression of the diabolical "sports" of the arena.

From first to last Salvini acted magnificently, using liberally, but with discretion, the almost unlimited resources of his incomparable voice. His audience was as thoroughly appreciative as they had been on the memorable first night of "Othello." The enthusiasm which he aroused never flagged; and in his great speech to Origen, in which he narrates the dreadful death of his, the Gladiator's, wife, he fairly took the house by storm. He was on this occasion more efficiently supported than has been the case in the other pieces in his *répertoire*—that is to say, the members of his *troupe* were better suited to their parts, and looked them better than they did in "Othello," "Lear," and "Macbeth." Signor Udina was, in particular, an adequate representative of Flavio: and Signore Piamonti and Cattaneo exerted themselves very satisfactorily, and without tearing a passion to tatters, as Faustina and Neodamia respectively. The house was crowded; and the performance was witnessed by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and a brilliant suite.

In the English theatrical world very little, this week, calls for special notice. At the Olympic "The Two Orphans" has been revived with considerable success, Miss Alma Murray playing Henrietta, and Miss Mary Lindon the blind girl very admirably; while the many admirers of Mr. W. Rignold have had the opportunity of cordially welcoming him in the part of Jacques. At the Lyceum Miss Mary Anderson's triumphant season is rapidly approaching to a close; and in another fortnight the Tragic Muse will be wooed at this favourite house by the distinguished American tragedian, Mr. Lawrence Barrett. But after him "the Campbells are Coming"—that is to say, Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry will return to their old home, but only for a brief span of two months, when they will again visit the United States, and Miss Mary Anderson will once more enchant crowded audiences on the same boards which she now graces.

G. A. S.

For the intended revival of "The Rivals" at the Haymarket Mr. Lionel Brough has, by permission of Mr. Henderson, been engaged, and thus, as Bob Acres, an excellent comedian will be seen in work more worthy of him than any in which of late years he has been employed.

"The Golden Ring," which last Monday reached its hundredth performance, will be withdrawn after this (Saturday) evening from the Alhambra, which will then close for the completion of decorations and certain improvements as to internal arrangement, until April 12, when "The Beggar Student" will be produced.

Matinées at the Gaiety on Thursday and to-day (Saturday) were devoted to the production of a new play and the return of an old favourite respectively. The new play for Thursday was "My Queen," in a prologue and three acts, by Mr. Howell-Poole. To-day's revival is that of "Little Don Caesar," the reappearance in which of Mr. Royce is intended by the management to constitute not a "benefit," but an experimental performance by a popular player very anxious to return to his work after a long illness.

Mr. Samuel Brandram's Spring recitals are now taking place at Willis's Rooms. On Tuesday he gave Selections—the first part being from Shakespeare and the second part miscellaneous. Next Tuesday, the 25th inst., he will recite "Hamlet"; and on Tuesday, April 1, "The Cricket on the Hearth."

A dramatic performance of Coleman's play, "The Heir-at-Law," will be given at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, on Saturday evening, April 26, in connection with the Mansion House Fund in aid of "Outcast London." It is under the patronage of the Lord Mayor; and tickets may be obtained of Mr. G. W. Gilnour, 34, Warrington-crescent; or at the Hall.

A football-match between England and Wales was played at Wrexham on Monday, and resulted in a victory for England by four goals to nil.

MUSIC.

The arrival in England of Herr Anton Dvorák, the eminent Bohemian composer, has been the event of the past week. His first appearance here was at the concert of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, on Thursday week, when he conducted the performance of his "Stabat Mater." We have already commented on the merits of this fine work, in reference to its performance by the London Musical Society, about a year ago, when it was given for the first time in this country. Its rendering at the Royal Albert Hall had all the advantages, in power, of the vast assemblage of orchestral and choral performers gathered at these concerts. The sublimity of some portions of the "Stabat," and the pathos and beauty of others, were again manifested. The solo portions were excellently sung by Miss A. Williams, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd and Mr. F. King. Mr. Barnby's setting of the 97th Psalm, "The Lord is King," was given before the "Stabat Mater." The Psalm was produced at the Leeds Festival last October, and was spoken of at the time. It again pleased greatly at last week's concert, two numbers having been encored. These were Madame Patey's air, "O ye that love the Lord," and the orchestral Interlude, Beethoven's grand Mass in D is to be given at the next concert, on April 2.

Last Saturday's Crystal Palace concert brought forward a violin concerto of Mozart's, performed for the first time in England by Herr Joachim. The work is one of several such, composed in 1775. It is pleasing and melodious, but does not rank among the composer's important productions; being a comparatively early work. It was admirably played, as were the elaborate variations on an air, the composition of the violinist just named. Miss Thudichum sang with much effect at Saturday's concert, which included the first performance here of a characteristic orchestral "Notturno" and "Tarantella" by the late Joachim Raff, besides familiar pieces.

Mr. F. H. Cowen's Song-Recital at Steinway Hall, last week, was a great success. The programme consisted entirely of a selection from his many excellent vocal pieces, a new series of six songs, entitled "Sunlight and Shadow," having been heard for the first time in public. These were divided between Miss M. Davies, Madame Antoinette Sterling, and Mr. Santley; another charming set of six similar pieces having been distributed between Miss Santley and Miss C. Elliot. Other well-known vocalists contributed to the performances.

Mr. Oscar Beringer's Pianoforte Recital, at St. James's Hall, was one of last week's specialties. The pianist's exceptional skill was very successfully displayed in a varied selection of pieces, chiefly of the modern and brilliant schools.

The London Ballad Concerts have closed another successful season, the two final evening concerts—last week and this—having offered varied attractions similar to those by which the programmes are always distinguished.

The Highbury Philharmonic Society gave its second subscription concert on Monday evening, when the programme included Schumann's "Pilgrimage of the Rose," besides a miscellaneous selection—a full band and chorus being engaged. This institution, with Dr. Bridge as its conductor, has for some time past distinguished itself by the sterling nature of the music presented and the general efficiency of the performances.

Madame Schumann continues to attract large audiences by her fine pianoforte playing at the Popular Concerts of Saturday afternoons and Monday evenings—her admirable renderings of Beethoven's works and the romantic music of her late husband being special features in her performances.

Mr. Walter Bache's annual Pianoforte Recital at St. James's Hall, on Monday afternoon, again manifested his mastery of various styles, his programme having comprised pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, and Von Bülow.

Mr. A. L'Estrange (pianist) gave his annual concert at Steinway Hall on Monday evening.

Miss Robertson's farewell concert at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon included refined vocal performances by herself and Miss F. Robertson, whose excellent duet-singing was heard in a pleasing new piece, for two voices, "Who'll buy," composed by Mr. Randegger. Other eminent vocalists also contributed to a varied programme, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Maas having been prevented by indisposition from appearing. Some clever pianoforte playing by Miss Randegger, pianoforte solos by Signori T. Mattei and C. Ducci, violin and violoncello pieces executed respectively by Signor Papini and M. Albert, and Mr. Grossmith's humorous sketch, "The Drama on Crutches," were among the features of the day.

The Philharmonic Society's third concert of the new season, last Thursday evening, possessed a special interest, from the programme having comprised the first performances here of Herr Anton Dvorák's Symphony in D, and his new overture, "Husitska"—besides one of his "Slavonian Rhapsodies," that has been already heard—all conducted by himself. Our comments on the concert must be given next week.

Mr. Willing's choir give Mendelssohn's "Elijah," at the third concert of the season, next Tuesday evening, at St. James's Hall.

The 146th anniversary Festival of the Royal Society of Musicians will be held at St. James's Hall on April 1, under the presidency of Sir F. Herschell, Q.C., M.P., her Majesty's Solicitor-General.

The Bach Choir—directed by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt—will enter on a new season next Wednesday evening, with the first of two concerts, the programme in this instance consisting chiefly of unaccompanied vocal music. On the following evening (also at St. James's Hall) the first of a new series of concerts by Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir will be given. The programme includes Spohr's fine Mass for double choir, without accompaniment, to be performed for the first time in England.

The festival dinner of the British Home for Incurables was held on Tuesday night, at the Freemasons' Tavern, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, and subscriptions were announced to the amount of £1839.

In our review last week of the Exhibition of the Society of Lady Artists, we gave the name of Florence Rousseau among those of acceptable painters of still-life; it should have been Florence Bonneau.

Mr. Ackermann, of 191, Regent-street, has issued, as usual at this season, some charming specimens of Prang's American Easter cards, of which he is the sole importer into this country. Most worthy of note among the specimens sent is a cluster of flowers exquisitely printed in colours on satin.—Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. also publish excellent Easter cards, birthday cards, and Sunday-school reward cards.

Sir Edwin Saunders, who has for nearly forty years been the dental surgeon to the Queen, was, at the annual meeting of the Dental Hospital of London, in Leicester-square, presented with a portrait of himself as a testimonial of the regard in which he is held by the friends of the hospital, to which he has been a great benefactor. Sir Edwin Saunders has made over to the Dental Hospital the lease for over ninety years of the Tower-house, adjoining the hospital, valued at £2420, for the purpose of its enlargement.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, March 18.
To-day is the thirteenth anniversary of the Commune of 1871, "the proletarian day that helped so much to show the people the true path." Such are the words of a Revolutionary journal, printed on flaming red paper, which I have before me. The heroic death of those who fell in 1871 is still to be avenged, we read; the economical mould in which modern society is withering away is to be broken; the true Republic is to be set up in the place of the present drivelling and corrupt Republic. In the *Intransigeant* we read that the Commune is nearly reconstituted and ready to take advantage of the opportunities offered by the Communal and national elections in May, 1884, and August, 1885. In a score of papers are announcements of banquets and "punches" in commemoration of March 18, 1871. And yet the Government pretends to see the peril on the side of the Orleans Princes, whose "gold" has been one of the chief topics of the week, thanks to Prince Napoleon's indelicate complaint, "I have not the gold of the Orleans; I am poor, and I feel honoured by my poverty." The Orleans and Bonaparte Princes content themselves with talking in their drawing-rooms; the Communists and Anarchists never let a Sunday pass without meeting by the hundred and menacing the capitalists.

The manifold life of Paris is full of the strangest contrasts. On the blank walls you see revolutionary placards side by side with pictorial advertisements of anti-clerical pamphlets, of spring novelties for ladies, of the Diaphane Sarah Bernhardt, of a bookmaker who offers the secret of an infallible system of betting, of a robust café-concert singer, and of a hundred other heterogeneous traps for the innocent. In the newspapers the capture of Bac-Ninh, the probability of the demand of an indemnity from the Chinese, the victory of the English in Egypt; the Anzin strike, the discussion of the municipal and primary education bills in Parliament, are dismissed in a few lines; while a long article is devoted to the personality of the *première* in a famous dress-making house, and columns scarcely suffice for the début of Blanche Pierson in "L'Etrangère," at the Comédie Française. There is no help for it; frivolous Parisian events interest the Parisian most; and such subjects as Anzin, Tonquin, primary instruction, and the rest, bore him in the end if they last beyond three days at the outside.

During the past week Paris has been calm, as far as events are concerned; and the most universal topic of conversation has been the splendid weather. The thermometer marks 60 deg. Fahrenheit; the trees in the parks and gardens are becoming greener and greener every day; the streets and boulevards are perfumed with violets and narcissus; people may be seen dining in the open air in front of the cafés; in the afternoon, every seat in the Champs Elysées is occupied. All Paris is out to enjoy the brilliant sunshine of this premature spring; and the city seems more than ever the abode of people whose life is exempt from the cares of money-making and all other business.

The last day for sending in pictures to the Salon was Friday. The number of works sent in, exclusive of sculpture, is upwards of 9000, a still larger number than last year.—A national exhibition of the industrial arts is to be held in May in the Pavillon de Flore. One of the attractions of this exhibition will be the national Crown Jewels, those "Diamants de la Couronne," the sale of which was voted last year by the Chamber and which will be ratified this month by the Senate.

T. C.

Signor Farini having in a second letter declared his unalterable intention to resign the Presidency of the Italian Chamber, the House accepted his resignation, and fixed Wednesday for the election of a new President.—Signor Sella died yesterday week at Biella, in Piedmont. He was three times Minister of Finance, by most unpopular but salutary fiscal measures saved the State from bankruptcy, and after Sedan forced on the Italian Government the occupation of Rome. The King has telegraphed to his widow, expressing the warmest sympathy; and the Senate suspended its sitting, as a mark of respect for the deceased, though he belonged to the other House.—The death of Signor Massari was announced in the Chamber of Deputies on the 13th inst. Signor Mancini and several other members expressed their deep regret, and eulogised the patriotism and public services of the deceased.—Signor Anteri Manzocchi's new opera "Stella" was given for the first time on Monday night at the Argentina Theatre, Rome, and was a great success. Signora Brambilla Ponchielli, wife of the author of "Gioconda," created great enthusiasm.

Prince Bismarck took his seat in the Reichstag on Thursday week, for the first time since January, 1883. The Chancellor, who looked very well, explained his reasons for returning the Lasker resolutions to Washington, stating, at the same time, that the relations of Germany with the United States had always been good. Last Saturday's sitting of the Reichstag was again rendered interesting by a speech from Prince Bismarck, which lasted for over an hour, the Chancellor taking advantage of the debate on the Workmen's Insurance Bill to give expression to his views on economic questions.

The Empress of Austria and the Archduchess Marie Valerie left Vienna on Sunday for Wiesbaden, and reached their destination on Monday morning. Last Saturday the Emperor opened the annual Art Exhibition.—The Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath has decided by a large majority to proceed to the discussion of the clauses of the Budget in detail.—The Court of Justice last Saturday concluded the trial of Hugo Schenk and his accomplices, Karl Shenk and Karl Schlossarck, who were accused of the murder of certain servant-girls. The prisoners were all declared guilty, and sentenced to be hanged.

The coming of age of the Cesarewitch of Russia will be celebrated with great festivities at Moscow and St. Petersburg on May 18.

After several days' debate in the Chamber of Greek Deputies the bill fixing the number of the army reserve at 12,000 for 1884 has been virtually agreed to.

A very considerable impetus has been given towards the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway since the passing of the resolution in the Dominion Parliament granting a loan of 22½ million dollars for the construction of the line.—The Ontario Legislature has passed a bill allowing widows and spinsters having the requisite property qualification to vote at municipal elections.—In Monday's sitting of the Toronto Legislative Assembly the Speaker announced that three members had been offered bribes to vote against the Government, adding that the two leaders in the conspiracy had been imprisoned.

A telegram from South Africa states that Mnyamana has attacked Usibepu's people and gained a decisive victory over them, inflicting severe loss.

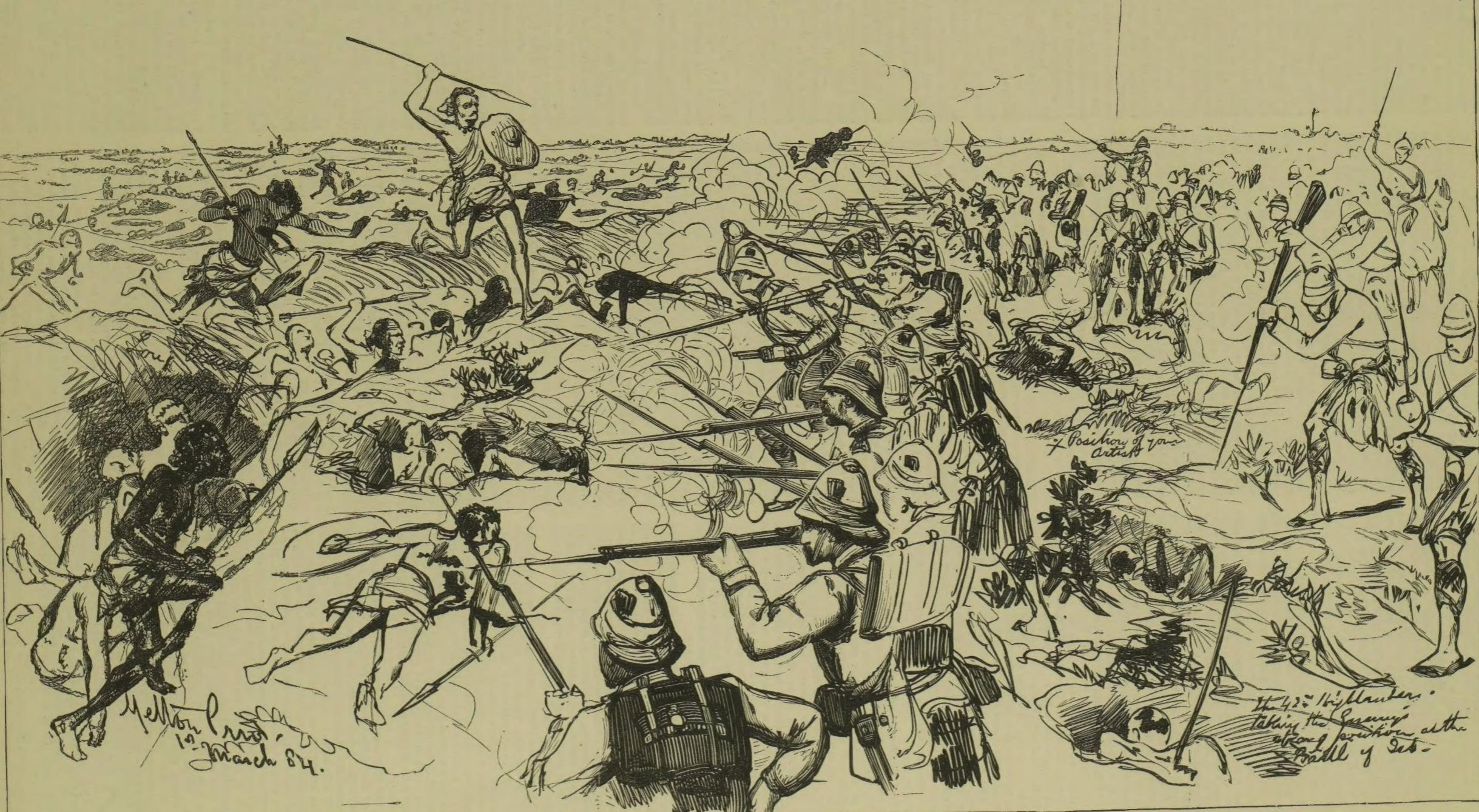
Sir Auckland Colvin's Indian Budget was published on Friday, the 14th inst., in Calcutta. The revenue for 1883-4 is set down at £70,569,900, and the expenditure at £70,298,500, showing a surplus of £271,400. The estimated revenue for 1884-5 is £70,560,400, and the expenditure £70,241,100, leaving a surplus of £319,500.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: BATTLE OF EL TEB, FEB. 29—THE NAVAL BRIGADE WITH GATLING AND GARDNER GUNS HARD AT IT.
FACSIMILE OF SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

Their only small ditches with soon for 2 or 3 of the Gueary
and then as we advanced, jump up & attacked us with their spears
The long trench was a most difficult to take, & after we had taken it the trench
was 2 deep full of the Rebels.

shouting wounded Rebels
in the trenches.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: BATTLE OF EL TEB, FEB. 29—THE 42ND (ROYAL HIGHLANDERS) TAKING THE ENEMY'S STRONG POSITION.
FACSIMILE OF SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

It may be considered premature at present to say that Parliament is moribund, and Dissolution imminent. But that constituencies and candidates cannot be too ready for the General Election that must come sooner or later was plainly indicated by the closeness of the important division at last Saturday's excited sitting of the Commons. That the Government should, on the morrow of General Graham's victory at Tamasi, have been only able to secure what the Marquis of Hartington explicitly said would be taken as a vote of confidence by the small majority of seventeen may be accepted as a sign that the Ministry is losing the hold on its supporters with respect to the complicated Soudan question. When, however, the continued absence of Mr. Gladstone from his seat on the Treasury bench led on Monday to the rumour that the Prime Minister had resigned, it was clear enough the canard had been given birth to by a section with whom the wish was father to the thought. The Premier's absence was accounted for by the severity of the cold (or "laryngeal catarrh") which had confined the right hon. gentleman to his room for a week. Moreover, in proof of the fact that Mr. Gladstone was in accord with his Cabinet as recently as March 13 may be cited this significant sentence from a letter written by the Prime Minister's direction to Mr. Leake, M.P., President of the Manchester Liberal Association:—

He is gratified by the cordial manner in which confidence was expressed in her Majesty's Government at the meeting of the association, and he wished me to assure you that he and his colleagues will use their best endeavours to overcome the difficulties with which they are met in the House of Commons, so as to secure as early as possible advance of the Franchise Bill to a further stage.

The Marquis of Salisbury does not conceal his opinion that the time is ripe for a fresh appeal to the country. The noble Marquis was beaming with smiles when the House of Lords assembled on Monday, even laughed at a dry joke the Earl of Shaftesbury dropped into his ear, and exchanged complacent quips and cranks with the beaming Duke of Richmond as he leant back in his seat in the centre of the front Opposition bench. It may be that both felt, after the close division of Saturday, within a measurable distance of office. Albeit Dissolution was in the air—on the Opposition side—no trace of Ministerial disintegration was to be found on the bench opposite. On the contrary, while the Earl of Derby placidly took notes to reply to Earl Cadogan's neat and clearly delivered attack on the new treaty with the Transvaal Boers, the head of Earl Granville was observed to droop in peaceful slumber, suggesting that the natural bonhomie of the Foreign Secretary had not in the faintest degree been disturbed by the report of Cabinet changes. Seldom to be caught napping at the Foreign Office, the noble Earl by indulging in this seasonable doze involuntarily offered an authoritative denial of the truth of the rumour as to an impending Dissolution.

Earl Cadogan, aptly appointed by Lord Beaconsfield Under-Secretary for the Colonies in the late Administration, speaks with the exemplary distinctness of the Marquis of Salisbury. It was, indeed, a pleasure to listen to his clear enunciation of a series of forcible arguments against the alleged weakness and leniency of the Government in their concessions to the Boers. But he did not convince the Earl of Derby, who, in soothing tones, sought to justify the clause of the treaty especially objected to (Article 20), by which the Boer Commissioners stipulated that the treaty should be ratified by the Volksraad within six months, whereas nothing was stated with respect to the right of ratification being reserved for Parliament. Viewing the whole of the circumstances that have happened, however, since the Boer war, it must be conceded that there were grounds for Lord Salisbury's forcible objections to this treaty with a people notorious for their barbarous treatment of the natives England had undertaken to protect.

Admiral Sir William Hewett has undeniably deserved well of the Government for the services he has rendered at Souakim and Trinkitat. But Earl Granville did but express the general opinion on Tuesday, when, in reply to Earl De la Warr, he disapproved the proclamation issued by the gallant Admiral offering 5000 dols. reward to whomsoever should bring in Osman Digna, "dead or alive." In fairness to Sir William Hewett, it should be borne in mind that, as the Foreign Secretary stated, the Admiral considered Osman Digna "to be a murderer, inasmuch as he killed two messengers who had been sent to him."

In the Commons, the new Speaker has on more than one occasion lately shown that, given the full power to maintain the dignity, authority, and legislative efficiency of the House, he has the requisite moral courage and vocal strength to restrain the wilder spirits. Still, the patience of Mr. Arthur Peel and Sir Arthur Otway has been taxed by unduly prolonged sittings. Notwithstanding the House sat till half-past three on the Friday morning of last week, and till past two on Saturday morning, discussing the Supplementary Estimates and the annual Afghan War vote of £500,000, hon. members were called upon to regather in Committee of Supply last Saturday afternoon.

This Saturday afternoon sitting was the liveliest, and was within an ace of being the most momentous, of the Session. Commencing with Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's unqualified censure of the Government for their vacillating policy in Egypt, and Mr. Labouchere's trenchant motion, "That this House is of opinion that the necessity for the great loss of British and Arab life on account of our military operations in the Eastern Soudan has not been made apparent," the sitting was also notable for the pregnant statements of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice with respect to the great importance to England of the maintenance of British influence on the Red Sea littoral. These weighty remarks of the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, amplifying as they did an earlier declaration of the Secretary of State for War, may not unreasonably have been construed as leading up to a new departure in regard to Ministerial policy in the Soudan. What the Ministry had to consider for the time being, however, was the storm of rough eloquence raised against them by Mr. Cowen, the stern admonition of Mr. Bourke, and the vivacious sarcasm of Lord Randolph Churchill. Sir Charles Dilke was roused to deliver quite an electioneering address; and Lord Hartington, following Sir Stafford Northcote, emphatically said:—"The Government have stated as fully as they think their duty requires, or as it is possible for them to state, what their policy is on these subjects; but if you insist on knowing that which we think we are unable consistently with our duty to make known, you are taking a course which will make it impossible for us to conduct the affairs of the country."

The House was at white heat when the critical division took place. Loud cheers were met by rousing counter cheers as soon as the Ministerial majority of seventeen—111 to 94—was declared by the tellers. On Sir Michael Hicks-Beach rising to complain that the Home Secretary had been heard to say, "This dirty trick has not succeeded," Ministerial cheers broke out afresh in support of that extremely colloquial exclamation. Thus lustily sympathised with, Sir William Harcourt had no difficulty in excusing himself on the plea that, while he would never have thought of using such words

in public debate, he held himself free to express his private opinion to his friends. The Home Secretary was induced a few minutes later to add that he regretted if his remark had given pain. An Irish debate ensued on the alleged abuse by Captain Plunket of his magisterial authority in the district of Cork; and the House was thereafter kept in Committee of Supply on the Estimates till a quarter to six on Sunday morning.

The monstrous abuse of the prescriptive privilege of questioning Ministers in the Commons has increased so much that members who would uphold the reputation of Parliament are agreed that effectual steps ought promptly to be taken to restrict it within reasonable limits. On Monday, as has not been uncommon of late, the custom degenerated into Minister-baiting, much valuable time being consumed by a personal wrangle on the part of Lord Randolph Churchill with Sir Charles Dilke as to Colonel Burnaby's share in the Battle of El Teb. Ere the Marquis of Hartington could get an opening for his Military Budget, Sir Herbert Maxwell secured from Mr. Brand a promise that "the costly Highland bonnet" should be retained for the Highland Regiments for at least another year; and Earl Percy entered a seasonable plea for those able officers who had been discouraged by the present system of military examinations. The Secretary for War's explanation of the Army Estimates would have been far more effective had his facts and figures been put before the House with some degree of literary skill. As it was, the vote for 140,334 men was agreed to after a vain attempt by Mr. Labouchere to reduce the number by 2687. In the small hours, £4,230,000 for pay was voted. On Tuesday, an important discussion of the Cattle Plague question followed Mr. Dodson's exposition of the Ministerial bill, Mr. C. S. Read's speech on which gave Mr. Forster an opportunity of congratulating the House on the hon. member's return. It only remains to add that Mr. Broadhurst was on Wednesday beaten over his bill to entitle householders having an unexpired term of lease of twenty years to purchase the fee simple of the property. Mr. Gregory led the Opposition; and the measure was negatived by 168 votes against 104.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The return of the Bank of England standard rate of discount to 3 per cent was welcomed by the general public as evidence that the recent outbreak of distrust had passed away, and to all borrowers the change is particularly convenient at this season, because the open market is made short of floating resources by the collection of the revenue in preparation for the closing of the financial year on the 31st inst. On the Continent the tendency is to follow this market, and in America some relief may be expected from the recent stringency now that the outflow of gold is checked in New York. These changes are in favour of business of all classes, and the very fine weather of the past few days is no less so; but rumours of an early appeal to the country on behalf of the Government hold back many interests, and on balance only very moderate results are witnessed.

The South African banking companies are having a very bad time. The Bank of Africa, Limited, which was established in August, 1879, to take over the African business of the Oriental Bank, paid a dividend for the first complete year of 2½ per cent, of 9 per cent for the second year, and 8 per cent for the third year. At the same time a reserve fund of £73,000 was accumulated. But the directors have now to announce that in 1883 the losses were such that as much as £100,000 had to be taken to meet them. This large sum absorbed the reserve and all the earnings of the year. Moreover, while £7449 was brought into profit and loss, only £429 is taken forward for the benefit of 1884. The company's shares have in consequence fallen to about £6, the amount paid being about £12 10s., and there being a liability of an equal amount. The Standard Bank of South Africa, Limited, had a similar experience. After paying dividends of 16 and 18 per cent per annum, the rate was lowered to 12 in 1883, and now it is 10, while no less a sum than £130,000 has to be taken from the reserve to meet probable losses. In this case the shares are of £100, with £25 paid, and the price is about £40. After this deduction from the reserve that fund will stand at £400,000.

The experience of the banks doing business in Canada is also known, and fortunately it is good. The Bank of British Columbia has made up its dividend for 1883 to 7½ per cent, while adding fairly to the reserve fund. The Bank of British North America still pays 6, and its reserve fund grows. The Indian banks are making up their accounts to December last. The results are not yet published, but losses are believed to have been few and small, and to have been confined to only one or two companies.

T. S.

The appointment of Major-General Alexander J. H. Elliot, C.B., to the Curragh Brigade and Inspectorship of Cavalry in Ireland was gazetted on Tuesday night.

Legacies to the amount of £34,100 have been bequeathed to religious and charitable institutions in Glasgow by Mr. James White, of Overtown, a prominent merchant, who died the other day.

At the annual meeting of the Royal Literary Fund, held last week, the report showed that forty grants, amounting to £2125, had been made during the past year, and that the finances of the society were in a satisfactory condition.

A sum of £1500 is offered for distribution in prizes in the special classes for British live stock at the International Agricultural Exhibition, to be held in Holland in August and September next.

The annual golf-match between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge was played on the 13th inst. on Wimbledon-common. There were eight competitors on each side, and a very close game was played, resulting in favour of the Dark Blues by two holes.

Speaking at an entertainment for the blind on Tuesday evening, Mr. Fawcett pointed out what different treatment was required for persons born blind and those who had for some time possessed sight. He also urged that institutions for the relief of the blind should be carefully inquired into, and hinted that a Commission might be desirable.

A meeting in connection with the Association for Promoting Trained Nursing in Workhouse Infirmary was held on Tuesday, by permission of the Marchioness of Salisbury, at 20, Arlington-street. A resolution affirming that it was desirable to promote the appointment of thoroughly trained nurses and matrons in workhouse infirmaries was adopted.

The examiners appointed by the trustees of the mathematical scholarships at Oxford University have elected to the senior scholarship John Chevallier, B.A., Fellow of New College, and to the junior scholarship B. B. Skirrow, University College. They have awarded Lady Herschel's prize for astronomy to Mr. Chevallier. They desired also to mention (1) C. Harris, Balliol College; (2) C. H. Thompson, Queen's College, as having highly distinguished themselves in the examination for the junior scholarship.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty has entertained numerous guests at dinner during the week, including Princess Christian, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke of Portland, Viscount and Viscountess Hampden, Field Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala and Lady Napier, Sir Theodore Martin, Colonel Sir Francis de Winton, Sir W. Vernon Harcourt, the Right Hon. J. G. Dodson, the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, and Mrs. Gladstone, with various members of the Royal household. The Premier was prevented accompanying Mrs. Gladstone through indisposition. Princess Louise and Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and Prince Lucien Bonaparte have lunched with the Queen; and Countess Reventlow Criminel, daughter of the late General and Lady Isabella Wemyss, and her daughter, Countess Constance Reventlow Criminel, have been presented to her Majesty. Princess Beatrice came to London yesterday week to be present at the Drawingroom at Buckingham Palace. Her Royal Highness went to the Lyceum Theatre in the evening, where Mrs. Manners joined her. On Saturday morning the Princess, accompanied by Princess Frederica of Hanover, Baroness von Pawel Rammigen, went to see the repairing of tapestry by the Ladies' Working Guild, at Lady Eden's, Queen's Gate-place, Kensington, returning afterwards to Windsor to luncheon. The Queen gave an audience to the Judge Advocate-General, and, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, she drove in the afternoon to Cleveden, and visited the Austrian Ambassador and Countess Karolyi, who are staying there. Her Majesty and the Princess have also visited Sir R. B. and Lady Harvey, at Langley Park. Sunday was the anniversary of the Duchess of Kent's death, the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore being open for some hours, as usual on this day, for the memorial visits of the Royal Household and others. The Dean of Windsor performed Divine service in the private chapel of the castle, her Majesty and Princess Beatrice attending. Mrs. Drummond, of Megginc, dined with the Queen on Monday. Princess Louise of Lorne came to pass her birthday, which was on Tuesday, with her Majesty, the Marquis of Lorne accompanying her. Princess Louise had been serenaded in the morning by the boys of the Duke of York's School, whose band played for an hour in the garden of Kensington Palace, and by the girls of St. Jude's Industrial School, Chelsea, who sang, and also presented her Royal Highness with baskets of primroses. April 7 is the date of the departure of the Queen, with Princess Beatrice, for Germany, as at present arranged. Her Majesty will travel by special train to Port Victoria, the terminal station at the mouth of the Medway, and cross to Flushing in the Osborne.

The first Drawingroom of the season, held by the Princess of Wales on behalf of her Majesty on the 14th inst., was not largely attended. The presentations numbered about 160. Princess Beatrice and the Duke of Cambridge entered the Throne-room with the Prince of Wales and her Royal Highness. The Princess of Wales wore a dress of richest Indian gold embroidery over a jupe of brown marabout and draperies of Vandyke brown velvet. Corsage of velvet with Indian embroidery, and sleeves of marabout. Train of the same costly Indian fabric, lined in gold satin, with dress border of marabout. Head-dress, a tiara of diamonds, feathers, and veil. Indian ornaments of pearls, emeralds, and diamonds. Princess Beatrice wore a train and bodice of peach-coloured broché satin, lined with satin duchesse and bordered with Valenciennes lace, and a skirt of poult de soie and satin duchesse, trimmed with violets of the same shade. Head-dress, feathers, veil, and diamond bees; ornaments, pearls; both Princesses wearing numerous orders.

The second Drawingroom was held by the Princess of Wales on Thursday at Buckingham Palace.

A Lévee was held by the Prince of Wales, on behalf of the Queen, on Monday, at St. James's Palace, when about 190 were presented. It being a collar day, the Knights of the several Orders wore their collars. The Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar were at the Court.

Last Saturday the Prince of Wales was present at a special meeting of the Standing Committee of the Trustees of the British Museum at the Natural History Department, Cromwell-road, and he presided at the annual meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution at Willis's Rooms. His Royal Highness gave a dinner at Marlborough House to a party of forty-five naval and military officers, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and the Prince of Leiningen being among the guests. The band of the 2nd Life Guards played during dinner. Divine service was attended on Sunday by the Prince and Princess and their daughters. On Monday his Royal Highness received Prince Sonapandit, brother of the King of Siam, and Prince Narès, the Siamese Minister. In the evening his Royal Highness presided at a meeting of the Institute of Agriculture in the Lecture-Room at the South Kensington Museum, when Mr. Henry Woods delivered a lecture on "Ensilage." Princess Christian visited the Prince and Princess on Tuesday. In the evening their Royal Highness went to the Avenue Theatre. On Wednesday, the Prince and Princess opened the new building of the Westminster Training School and Home for Nurses.

Prince and Princess Christian, who have been visiting the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany, returned to Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, last Saturday.

The Duchess of Connaught has contributed an altar-cloth, with the Greek cross and lilies, embroidered by hand, to the new parish church at Bagshot, and the Duke of Connaught has presented a cross and candlesticks.

The Duchess of Cambridge has been suffering from a severe cold, but is now better. Sir William Gull and Sir Oscar Clayton have been in attendance upon her.

The Duke of Cambridge entertained a party of noblemen and gentlemen at dinner last Saturday at Gloucester House.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Major the Hon. George H. Gough (14th Hussars), second son of Viscount Gough, with Hilda, youngest daughter of the late Mr. George Moifatt, M.P., of Goodrich Court, Herefordshire, took place at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, on the 13th inst. Captain T. H. Phipps (7th Hussars) was best man, and the bridesmaids were the Hon. Nora Gough, sister of the bridegroom; Miss Helen Arbuthnot, cousin of the bridegroom; and Misses Katharine and Dorothy Morrison, cousins of the bride; Miss Moffatt being given away by her brother, Mr. Harold Moffatt. The wedding party assembled at Mr. and Mrs. Howard Vincent's house, in Grosvenor-square, for breakfast, and Major and Mrs. Gough subsequently left for Paris, en route for Italy, for their honeymoon.

The marriage between Mr. Basil Levett and the Hon. Margaret Ashley will take place at the end of May. A marriage is also arranged between the Hon. Cecil Bingham, 3rd Hussars, second son of Lord and Lady Cecilia Bingham, and Miss Rose Guthrie, daughter of the late Mr. James Guthrie, of Craigie, Forfarshire.

Sir Lyon Playfair, K.C.B., has accepted the Presidency of the British Association for the meeting to be held in Aberdeen next year.

THE FRENCH WAR IN TONQUIN.

The French army in Tonquin, under the command of General Millot, last week achieved an easy success in taking possession of the fortified town of Bacninh, which had been occupied by a Chinese garrison. It is situated about twenty miles north-east of the capital city, Hanoi, on the road towards the frontier of the Chinese province of Quang-si, the frontier of China being some eighty miles distant. We are indebted to the courtesy of the *Daily News* for a plan of Bacninh and its fortifications, with the Chinese posts, and the neighbouring country, drawn by the special correspondent of that journal. The French army was divided into two columns, one of which, commanded by General Negriger, advanced from Haidzuong up the Song-kau river, to the Seven Pagodas of Phulai, at the confluence of that river with the Rapids Canal, while the remaining force, with General Millot, proceeded along the south bank of the canal, thus avoiding the numerous earthworks constructed by the Chinese on the direct road from Hanoi to Bacninh. By these combined movements, Bacninh was effectually surrounded on the north-east, east, and south sides, while the river flows on the west and north sides, and the French gun-boats went up as far as they could that way. On Wednesday week, at six o'clock in the morning, General Negriger's column entered Bacninh by the road from the north-east. The Chinese were demoralised by the turning movements of the combined French columns, and, abandoning all their positions, fled by the Thaing-huien road, which is almost due north. The French had seventy wounded. The loss of the Chinese was heavy. Large stores of ammunition and a Krupp battery were found in the citadel. It is not yet decided how far the French will advance towards the Chinese frontier; but they are pursuing the expelled garrisons to Thainghuien, and along the road which goes north-east to Langson. The Chinese have left their guns, ammunition, and standards behind them, making little serious resistance.

THE HIGHLAND FEATHER BONNET.

The proposed abolition of the ostrich-feather Highland bonnet, as the head-dress of those gallant regiments which are always foremost among British troops where hard fighting is to be done, has excited warm feelings of disapproval not only in Scotland, but in other parts of the United Kingdom. We are enabled, by the assistance of Lord Archibald Campbell, to present an authentic illustration of the uniform worn about a hundred years ago by the original "Black Watch," or 42nd Royal Highlanders, when it was an independent regiment. It is copied from the photograph of a miniature portrait of an officer whose great-grandson, John Campbell, Esq., of Craigish, now residing at Campbell-town, is the representative of one of the ancient families of Argyllshire. He has lent it to Lord Archibald for this purpose, more especially to show the exact style of the Highland bonnet in the regimental attire of the last century. The grandfather of the officer whose portrait is represented in this miniature raised one of the companies of the "Black Watch," giving the lieutenancy to his eldest son, James Campbell, and the ensigncy to his youngest son, Lauchlan, whose head was carried off by a cannon-ball at the battle of Fontenoy, while he was carrying the colours. The uniform then was an open red coat with blue facing, gold shoulder-knots or small epaulets, a black stock, without shirt-collar, a black sword-belt across the breast, and the Highland bonnet; this was blue at the top, with a white dice pattern around it, resembling that worn by the Scots Fusilier Guards, and with a black velvet band over the forehead. The feathers were, as now, black ostrich plumes.

In the discussion upon the Army Estimates, in the House of Commons, last Monday night, Sir H. Maxwell brought forward a motion in favour of retaining the Highland feather bonnet, which was supported by Dr. Farquharson, Sir John Hay, Colonel Stanley, and other members. The Under-Secretary of State for War said that the Government would consent to defer their final decision upon the question until next year. Lord Hartington has arranged to receive, at the War Office, on Wednesday next, a deputation, headed by Lord Colin Campbell, M.P., with many Scottish noblemen and gentlemen, upon this and other matters of regimental dress.

WESTMINSTER TRAINING SCHOOL AND HOME FOR NURSES.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, on Wednesday last, graciously attended the opening of the Westminster Training School and Home for Nurses, at Queen Anne's-gate, St. James's Park, which has been erected as a Memorial of the late Lady Augusta Stanley, wife of the late Dean of Westminster; the institution having, indeed, been founded by that estimable lady about ten years ago. The site for the new building, of which we give an illustration, has cost £5000, which has been paid; but the cost of the building and furniture, and other expenses, will be nearly £10,000 more, of which £6000 is in hand, so that £4000 is still required. There will be accommodation for fifty nurses, some of whom are constantly employed at the Westminster Hospital, where their services give entire satisfaction to the medical staff and to the governing body, with manifest benefit to the patients. The nursing in the Westminster Hospital is wholly carried on by those belonging to this institution, which supplies also thirty-one private nurses for families, and it is intended to establish some district nurses among the poor of Westminster. The probationers, after a month's trial, if approved, bind themselves to serve the institution for three years, and from the first receive wages, upon a gradually increasing scale, as well as board and lodging. Three of the nurses have been selected for their merit for the distinction of the Order of St. Katherine, conferred by her Majesty the Queen, who is patroness of this institution. The Duke of Westminster is Chairman of the managing committee, and Sir Rutherford Alcock is vice-chairman; Mrs. John Thynne is honorary secretary, and the committee includes Mr. G. Helmore, of Shortlands, honorary treasurer; the Marchioness of Lothian, the Hon. Maude Stanley, Lady Alcock, Lady F. Baillie, the Hon. Mrs. Talbot, the Dean of Westminster, Mr. H. D. Erskine, Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons, and other ladies and gentlemen. The lady-superintendent is Miss M. J. Pyne, and Miss Kirwan is matron of the home. We agree with the remarks of the committee, in their public address: "None, probably, but medical men, can guess how many lives are lost by bad and inefficient nursing, or can fully appreciate the saving of health which one thoroughly trained nurse may effect, although almost every family knows something of the comfort which such a woman may afford in time of sickness. The importance of the moral influence which must necessarily be exercised, for good or for evil, by the character and spirit of the nurses employed in hospitals and private families cannot be overestimated. A nurse ought to be regarded, and to regard herself, as holding a sacred office. That this may be so, the conditions of her training and service must be such as to

attract and attach the best sort of women. Experience shows that the first of these conditions is a cheerful, orderly home, where, after the exhausting strain of nursing work, the nurses may be refreshed in body and mind by kind and thoughtful care, and whence a healthy moral influence may be exerted and the right spirit infused and maintained."

OTTERS IN THE THAMES.

The capture of an otter in the Thames, within the reaches frequented by the aquatic pleasure-seekers of the metropolis, is an event so unfrequent of late years that it has excited considerable interest. About three weeks or a month ago, Mr. H. W. Russell, of Cookham, being out with some fishermen, noticed traces of otter beneath an old pollard, on a small island that is covered with thick vegetation, in the inner backwater under the woods below the springs at Clefden, just above Maidenhead. There were heaps of refuse lying there mixed with fish scales. The judgment that these indicated a haunt of the otter proved to be correct; and before a week had passed, the otter was trapped and killed. Its skin was purchased by Mr. Frank Lambert, of Cookham, and we present an illustration of the animal. It was a finely grown old bitch-otter, measuring 51 inches from snout to tail, and it has been preserved for Mr. Lambert's hall by Mr. Rowland Ward, of Piccadilly. This recalls the fact that nine years ago, in January, 1875, two young otters and their dam were seen above Maidenhead, not very far from where the present old otter was taken. The young ones were captured, but the dam sank and disappeared, and a speculation has been raised by Mr. Ward whether the one now killed was not the parent and survivor of the family that were disturbed nine years ago. But since Mr. Ward's communication, a correspondent of one of the journals gives another instance of an otter being shot in January, 1880, much lower down the river—namely, at Hampton Court. Indeed, there was a small one killed at Thames Ditton so recently as Jan. 26 of this year. Few of the pleasure-seekers passing up the river in boats have suspected that there was so much of wild nature left in the metropolitan Thames. We cannot refrain from expressing our regret at the inconsiderate persecution and destruction of these interesting animals in the Thames. It would be a pity that they should become entirely extinct, as seems but too likely, if they are to be shot or trapped wherever they appear.

THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

The annual general meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution was held at Willis's Rooms last Saturday afternoon. The Prince of Wales presided, and there was a crowded attendance. His Royal Highness expressed the deep interest he felt in the prosperity of this national and most useful organisation. Resolutions were spoken to by the Duke of Argyll, Admiral Sir H. Keppel, the Lord Mayor, Mr. John Holms, M.P., Sir Thomas Brassey, M.P., and Lord Charles Beresford, The sixtieth annual report, which was read by Mr. Charles Dibdin, the secretary, stated that the strenuous efforts made by the institution had been instrumental in mitigating to a very considerable extent the dire evils entailed by the terrible disasters at sea. During the past year four new life-boat stations were established at different places, and seven new life-boats were also dispatched to the English coast to replace old ones. In addition to this, twelve new stations were in course of formation, and nine new boats would shortly be provided for places in need of them. The number of life-boats under the management of the institution last year was 274, which were launched on service 283 times between Jan. 1 and Dec. 31, and saved no less than 725 lives and thirty vessels. Besides this, 230 lives were saved from shipwreck by shore-boats and other means, all of which services were rewarded by the institution, making up a grand total of 955 lives rescued during the year, for which fourteen silver medals and clasps, twenty-five votes of thanks on vellum, and £5397 were granted by the committee, including grants to widows and orphans of life-boat-men killed on duty. From its foundation, the institution has voted ninety-seven gold medals, 964 silver medals, and £77,984 in cash for saving 30,500 lives from shipwrecks on our coasts. The subscriptions, donations, dividends, &c., amounted during the past year to £40,250, which sum included £3767 in special gifts for expenses connected with seven life-boats, and £2000 for the endowment of two life-boats. Several legacies were also received. The expenditure for the past year was £45,817.

The ship *Bann*, of 1650 tons, Captain J. T. Cutting, chartered by Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, sailed from the Clyde for Sydney last Saturday with 448 emigrants.

Lord Wolseley presided on Monday evening at the 101st anniversary festival of the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick, at Freemasons' Tavern. Subscriptions were announced amounting to £840, including £100 from her Majesty and £50 from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Judgment in the *Belt libel* case was given on Monday, in the Court of Appeal, affirming the finding of the jury, awarding £5000 damages to the plaintiff, and discharging the rule for a new trial, with all costs. An application to stay execution pending an appeal to the House of Lords was refused.

In addition to the Volunteer regiments named in the supplement, there will be present at the Easter Monday Review at Dover a wing of the Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles (Yeomanry Cavalry), which will be under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel the Marquis of Ormonde, the newly-appointed commandant.

An address was presented to Sir Richard Owen last Saturday at the British Museum (Natural History), South Kensington, on the occasion of his retirement from the post of Director-General of the Natural History Departments of the British Museum. The address was presented on behalf of the Geologists' Association, and was made by the President of that body, Dr. Henry Hicks.

The trial of the action brought by Mrs. Weldon against Dr. Forbes Winslow was brought to a close on Tuesday in the Queen's Bench Division. Mrs. Weldon examined her husband and other witnesses. Having closed her case, Mr. Clarke, Q.C., argued that there was no case for the defendant to answer, and Baron Huddleston nonsuited Mrs. Weldon. As regarded the trespass, he considered Dr. Winslow was protected, the letters complained of he regarded as privileged, and there was no evidence of malice.

Mr. Horace B. Marshall, C.C., presided last Saturday at the annual general meeting of the members of the Printers' Pension Corporation, held in the Memorial Hall. The accounts showed that the ordinary income of the Corporation for the last year amounted to £3071, of which £2330 was from Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Fund subscriptions, and £741 from dividends; whilst the expenditure for the same period in pensions amounted to £1792. There are now 147 pensioners on the books of the Corporation, including the twenty whose election took place on the 8th inst.

OBITUARY.

VISCOUNT FALKLAND.

The Right Honourable Lucius-Bentinck Cary, Viscount Falkland in the Peerage of Scotland, and Baron Hunson in that of the United Kingdom, P.C., G.C.H., died on the 12th inst., at Montpellier. He was born Nov. 5, 1803, the eldest son of Charles John, ninth Viscount, and the lineal descendant of Henry, first Viscount, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, whose son, the gallant cavalier, Lucius, Viscount Falkland, fell at Newbury in 1643. The nobleman whose death we record succeeded his father in 1809, was made a Lord of the Bedchamber to King William IV. in 1830, elected a representative Peer in 1831, and granted a barony of the United Kingdom in 1832. From 1837 to 1839 he was a Lord in Waiting, and subsequently a Lord of the Bedchamber, Governor of Nova Scotia from 1840 to 1846, Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard from 1846 to 1848, and Governor of Bombay from 1848 to 1853. His Lordship married, first, Dec. 27, 1830, Amelia Fitzclarence, sister of George, first Earl of Munster; and secondly, Nov. 10, 1859, Elizabeth Catherine, Dowager Duchess of St. Albans. By the former (who died July 2, 1858) he had one son, the Master of Falkland, who died without issue in 1871. The successor to the Scottish title is consequently the brother of the deceased Lord, Admiral the Hon. Plantagenet Pierrepont Cary, now eleventh Viscount Falkland. The barony of Hunson becomes extinct.

LORD MOSTYN.

The Right Hon. Edward Mostyn Lloyd-Mostyn, second Lord Mostyn, of Mostyn, county Flint, and a Baronet, Lord Lieutenant of Merionethshire, and Vice-Admiral of North Wales, died on the 16th inst.

He was born Jan. 13, 1795, the elder son of Sir Edward Price Lloyd, Bart. (created a peer in 1831), by Elizabeth, his wife, sister and coheir of Sir Thomas Mostyn, Bart., of Mostyn; and assumed, in 1831, on succeeding to the Mostyn estates, the additional surname and arms of Mostyn. In the same year he was elected M.P. for Flintshire, and continued to sit for that constituency until 1854, with the exception of a short period—1846 to 1847—when he was M.P. for Lichfield. He succeeded his father as second Lord in 1854. His Lordship married, June 20, 1829, Lady Harriet Margaret Scott, eldest daughter of the second Earl of Clonmell, and had, with other issue, his eldest son, Thomas Edward, M.P., who died in 1861; leaving by his wife, Lady Henrietta Augusta Nevill, daughter of the second Earl of Abergavenny, two sons, of whom the elder, Llewelyn Nevill-Vaughan, now third Lord Mostyn, was born April 7, 1856, and married, May 1, 1879, Lady Mary Florence Edith Clements, sister of the Earl of Leitrim. Through the Mostyns, of Mostyn, Lord Mostyn was lineally descended from Tudor Trevor, Lord of Hereford.

BARONESS DE ROTHSCHILD.

Charlotte, Baroness de Rothschild, widow of Baron Lionel de Rothschild, daughter of Baron Charles de Rothschild, of Frankfort, and mother of Sir Nathan Meyer de Rothschild, Bart., M.P., a Baron of Austria, on the 13th inst., aged sixty-five. The Baroness will be remembered not only for her courtly hospitality, but still more for her benevolence and princely charity. Almost every Jewish institution experienced her munificence, and the poor had her especial care. She published, about ten years ago, a charming collection of sketches entitled "From January to December."

GENERAL SIR A. A. T. CUNYNGHAME.

General Sir Arthur Augustus Thurlow Cunynghame, G.C.B., Hon. Colonel Commandant 1st Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps, Lieutenant-Governor at the Cape of Good Hope in 1874, and Deputy High Commissioner in South Africa in 1878, whose death is announced, was born Aug. 12, 1812, youngest son of Sir David Cunynghame, fifth Baronet, of Milnacraig, Ayrshire, by Maria, his first wife, daughter of Edward Lord Thurlow, the Lord Chancellor. After being educated at Eton, he entered the Army in 1830, and attained the rank of General in 1877. In 1841 he went to China as A.D.C. to Lord Saltoun, and was present at the capture of Chin-Kiang-Foo, and the investment of Nankin. He served throughout the whole of the Crimean War, commanding a division of the Turkish contingent, and occupying Kertch with 10,000 men. In 1866 he had the command of a division of the Indian Army, and afterwards of the north division of the forces in Ireland. Sir Arthur, who was a Grand Cross of the Bath, had medal with four clasps, the Turkish medal, the Medjidié, and the Legion of Honour. He married, in 1845, the Hon. Frances Elizabeth, daughter of the late Field Marshal Viscount Harding, G.C.B., and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir Arthur Scott, at his seat at Great Barr, Staffordshire, on the 18th inst., in his twenty-fourth year.

Colonel Edward James Simpson, late Bengal Infantry, at Wiesbaden, on the 14th inst., in his sixty-fifth year.

Major W. H. Lawrence, an old Peninsular veteran, in Bath, on the 13th inst., in his ninety-second year.

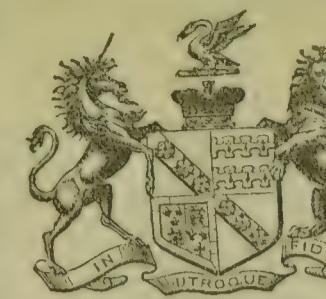
Mr. R. H. Horne, poet, dramatist, and critic, on the 13th inst., at an advanced age.

Mr. Alexander De Berg, the Russian Consul-General in England, in London, on the 14th inst., aged eighty-one.

General Mark Kerr Atherley, Colonel 92nd Gordon Highlanders, on the 11th inst., in his eightieth year.

Colonel Charles Vanrenen Conway-Gordon, Bengal Staff Corps, Commandant 2nd Infantry Hyderabad Contingent, son of the late Captain Conway-Gordon, of Lynwode, Lincolnshire, on the 6th inst., aged forty-nine.

The Countess Dowager of Darnley, on the 18th inst., at Brighton. She was the third daughter of Henry Brooke, first Lord Congleton, by his wife, Lady Caroline Elizabeth Dawson, eldest daughter of John, first Earl of Portarlington; and married, in 1825, the late Earl of Darnley, and was left a widow in 1835. By her marriage she left three sons and two daughters (all of whom survive their mother)—namely, John Stuart, Earl of Darnley, the Hon. and Rev. Edward Vesey Bligh, the Hon. and Rev. Henry Bligh, Lady Elizabeth Caroline, married to Mr. Reginald John Cust; and Lady Emma, married to the Very Rev. Arthur Perceval Purey-Cust, Dean of York.



The coat of arms of Viscount Falkland features a shield supported by two lions rampant. The shield contains a central figure, possibly a unicorn or a lion, with a cross on its chest. The shield is flanked by two lions. A crest sits atop the shield, and a motto scroll runs along the bottom.



The coat of arms of Lord Mostyn features a shield supported by a stag on the left and a lion on the right. The shield contains a portrait of a man. The shield is flanked by two lions. A crest sits atop the shield, and a motto scroll runs along the bottom.

The coat of arms of Lord Mostyn features a shield supported by a stag on the left and a lion on the right. The shield contains a portrait of a man. The shield is flanked by two lions. A crest sits atop the shield, and a motto scroll runs along the bottom.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: THE CAVALRY CHARGE AT THE BATTLE OF EL TEB, FEB. 29.

FACSIMILE OF SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE LATE MR. BLANCHARD JERROLD.

William Blanchard Jerrold, son of Douglas Jerrold, the famous author, dramatist, and wit, died of a long developed and painful malady, in his fifty-eighth year, at his residence in Victoria-street, on the 10th inst. Despite the wearing nature of the disease to which he suddenly succumbed, his mental vitality remained unimpaired almost until the last. A most industrious man, during the latter half at least of his life, he died in harness; and the ready pen only dropped from his hand when the shade of death was on him. The beginning of the present month saw the last chapter of his "Life of Gustave Doré," in the printer's hands: a fortnight since his trenchant leaders were in their customary columns in *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*. If Blanchard Jerrold had not inherited the caustic wit, the nervous diction, or the brilliant epigrams of his father, he had obtained, at least, a polished cultured style and a certain delicacy in the art of word-painting, that placed his literary labours high in the ranks of contemporary workers. By them he will be missed, and by the reading world to whom his name was a familiar sound. In London and Paris he was equally at home, and wrote on life and



THE LATE EARL OF SANDWICH.

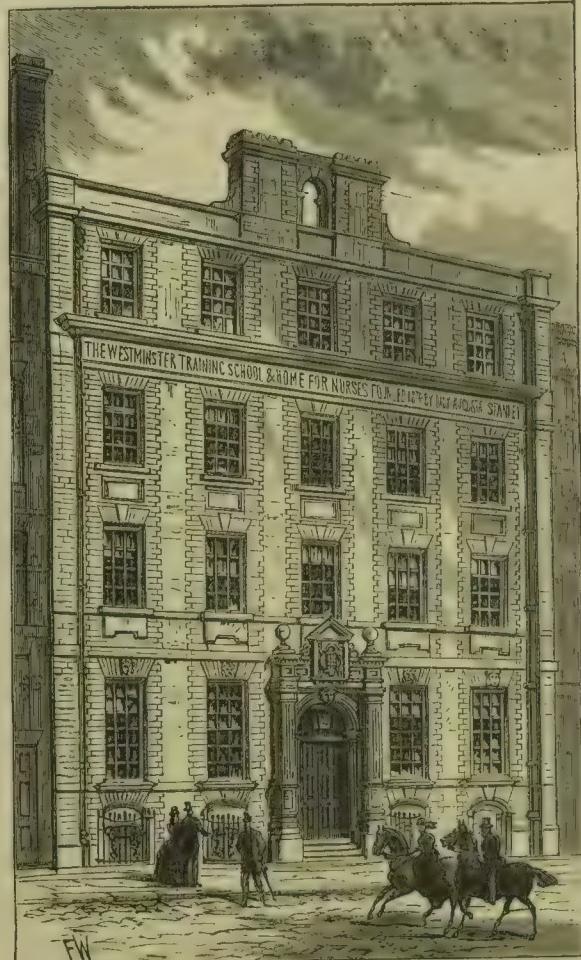
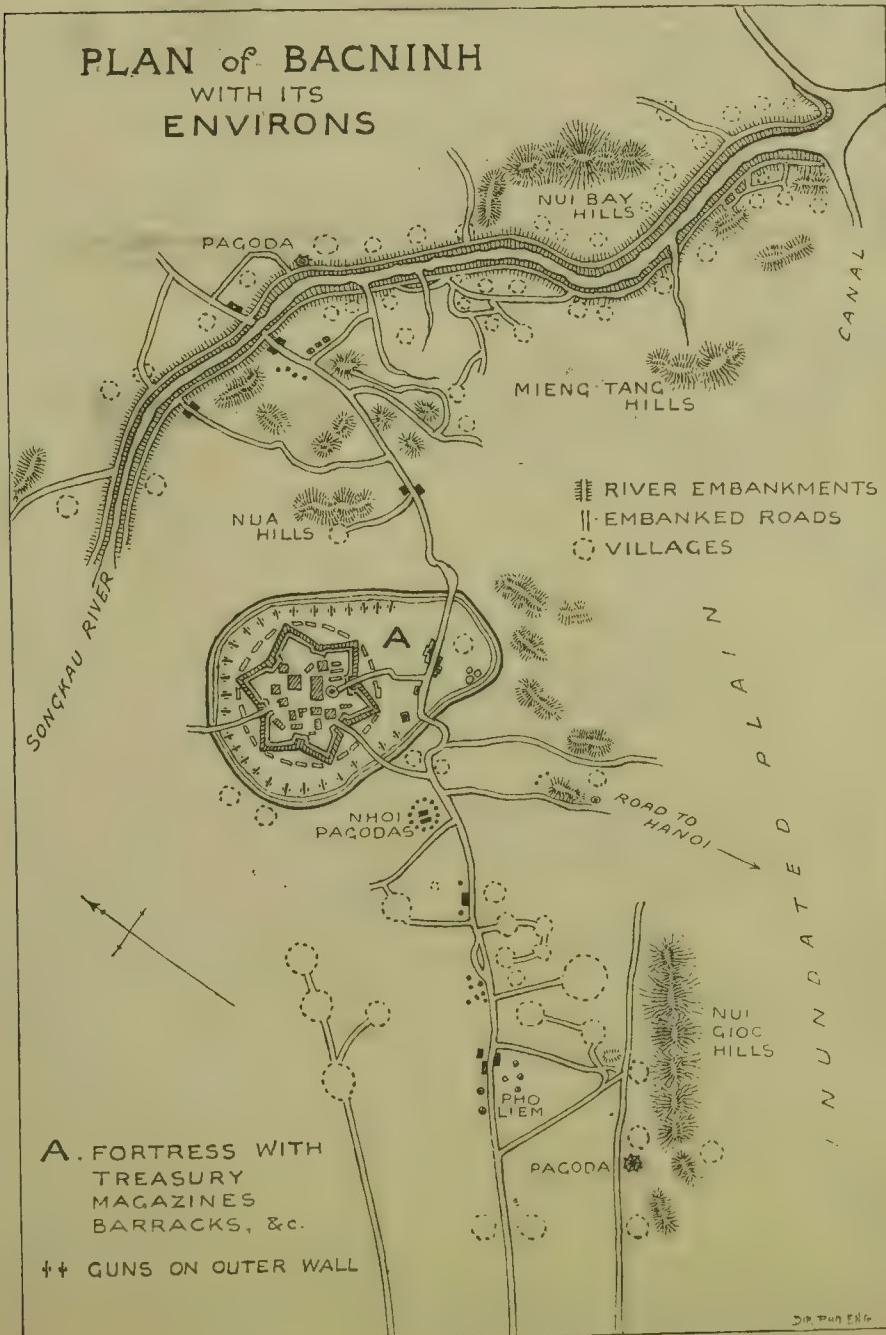
manners in either capital with a facility that was the outcome of an expert's knowledge. On the Boulevards and in Pall-mall—in the Rue du Roi de Rome and at the Reform Club—his presence will be missed by a wide circle of friends and fellow-craftsmen, who admired him not only for his

THE LATE MAJORAITKEN, 42ND (ROYAL HIGHLANDERS),
KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.THE HIGHLAND BONNET 100 YEARS AGO.
FROM AN OLD MINIATURE.

chivalry in the cause of all that was just and good and worthy of his pen's support, but for his kindly, genial, bright vivacity of nature, and his buoyant spirit, which misfortune never conquered or his bodily sufferings subdued.

Like many a well-known man of letters, Blanchard Jerrold

commenced life as an artist, but, by reason of his defective sight, the crayon had to be abandoned at an early age for the pen. During his transition period he contributed to the pages of this journal an article illustrated by himself on King Ethelbert's Gateway at Reculver. He was then sixteen, and from that date he became more or less connected with the *Illustrated London News*, particularly as a story writer and Paris Correspondent. At nineteen Jerrold permanently took up the pen, and on his father's death, in 1857, his place was sufficiently assured in literature to warrant him accepting his father's post of Editor of *Lloyd's Weekly News*. Prior to this he had written a story, "The Progress of a Bill," for this Journal, and a still well-known novel, "The Disgrace of the Family." In 1851 his first essay as a dramatic author was completely successful, and "Cool as a Cucumber" was immediately recognised as one of the best farces that had been written on this side of the Channel. It became one of Charles Mathews' stock pieces, and by him it was accorded the signal honour of being translated into French under the title of "Un Anglais Timide." Later, Jerrold wrote a two-

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OTTER CAPTURED ON THE THAMES.

act comedy, "Bean Brummel" (1858), a year after, "The Chatterbox," and, in 1871, his last comedy, in three acts, "Cupid in Waiting." Besides his numerous political leaders, written for *Lloyd's* and articles bearing mostly upon French subjects for the *Daily News*, and a countless number of brochures and essays contributed to the various magazines, Jerrold has left numerous substantial and enduring works behind him. Among these may be enumerated his "Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold," "The Children of Lutetia," "At Home in Paris;" "London—a Pilgrimage," illustrated by his friend Gustave Doré; a biography of George Cruikshank, and "The Life of Napoleon III."

The remains of the deceased were laid in the family grave at Norwood Cemetery, on the 13th inst., where they rest with his father, Douglas Jerrold; his mother; and his sister, the late Mrs. Henry Mayhew. A. M.

THE LATE EARL OF SANDWICH.

The death of this nobleman, on the 3rd inst., was announced in our Obituary of that week. The Right Hon. John William Montagu, seventh Earl of Sandwich, Viscount Hinchingbrooke, and Baron Montagu, was born in 1811, and succeeded his father in 1818. He was descendant of Sir Edward Montagu, a younger brother of the first Earl of Manchester, in the time of Charles I.; this peerage being conferred, in 1660, upon that Knight's grandson, a distinguished General of the Parliamentary Army in the Civil War, and subsequently, after the Restoration, Lord High Admiral and Commander of the Fleet against the Dutch on the North Sea coast; he was killed in a naval battle in 1672. The fourth Earl, in the reigns of George II. and George III., was an eminent diplomatist, Secretary of State and First Lord of the Admiralty, and gave his name to the Sandwich Islands discovered by Captain Cook. The late Earl was formerly Captain of the Queen's Gentlemen-at-Arms, and Master of the Buckhounds in 1858 and 1859. He married, first, a daughter of the first Marquis of Anglesey, and secondly, Lady Blanche Egerton, daughter of the first Earl of Ellesmere. He is succeeded by his eldest son, Lord Hinchingbrooke, who has been M.P. for Huntington since 1876.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. John Edwards, Park Side, Knightsbridge.

THE LATE MAJOR AITKEN.

One of the officers of General Sir G. Graham's army killed in the late battle in the Soudan, on Thursday week, was Major Walker Aitken, of the Royal Highlanders, who was in the forty-third year of his age; he entered the Army in December, 1861, and was made Lieutenant in the same regiment four years later. He was promoted to the rank of Captain in March, 1874, served in the Ashantee war in 1874, and was present at the battle of Amoofa and the capture of Coomassie. He was also with the regiment during the recent campaign in Egypt.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker-street.

Mr. Weston's task, carried on under the auspices of the Church of England Temperance Society, of walking 5000 miles within 100 days, was successfully completed last Saturday evening.

In London 2761 births and 1660 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 100, and the deaths 158, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 11 from smallpox, 61 from measles, 27 from scarlet fever, 14 from diphtheria, 117 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 15 from enteric fever, 2 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, 12 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and 1 from simple cholera. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 334 and 384 in the two preceding weeks, were 370 last week, and 127 below the corrected weekly average. Different forms of violence caused 47 deaths: 40 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 14 from fractures and contusions, 4 from burns and scalds, 4 from drowning, 1 from an overdose of narcotic mixture, and 17 of infants from suffocation.

EXTENSION OF ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, W.—A FESTIVAL DINNER. IN AID of the funds of this Hospital will be held at the **PEARMAN'S TAVERN**, Great Marlborough-street, W.C., on WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1884. At half Past 12, Lord CARLINGFORD, K.P., Lord President of the Council, has kindly consented to preside.

A New Wing, which will be opened by her Royal Highness Princess Louise on May 8 next, will contain seventy beds; these, however, cannot be used unless sufficient funds are forthcoming.

Noblemen and Gentlemen willing to accept the office of steward are requested to send their names to the Secretary, at the Hospital.

No liability attaches to the office of steward.

The Dinner will be free of charge, trusting to the liberality of the donations.

PETRO MICHELI, Secretary.

LONDON INTERNATIONAL AND UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION, 1884. To be held at the CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, London, will hold at the Crystal Palace an International Exhibition of Arts, Manufactures, and Scientific, Agricultural, and Industrial Products.

The Exhibition will be OPENED on St. George's Day,

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M. R. A. PROCTOR, Editor of *KNOWLEDGE*, will LECTURE MONDAYS and THURSDAYS, March 24, 27, 31, April 3, at the MEMORIAL HALL, Farringdon-street, at Eight o'clock; FRIDAYS and TUESDAYS, March 25, April 1, 2, 3, at BRIXTON HALL, Acme-lane, at Eight o'clock. Subjects: LIFE OF WORLDS, THE SUN, THE MOON, THE STAR DEPTHS.

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M. R. A. PROCTOR'S LECTURE TOUR, 1882-4, is an unexampled fact in the history of Scientific Lectures. Since its commencement in April last he has delivered 170 lectures to audiences numbering 70,000 persons. Mr. R. A. Proctor has just concluded his course of Six Lectures in the large Colston Hall, Bristol, at which there was an AGGREGATE ATTENDANCE of 8192.

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M. R. A. PROCTOR, Founder and Editor of *KNOWLEDGE*, a weekly Magazine of Science, plainly worded, exactly described. "Knowledge" on March 7 was enlarged to 32 pp., and is published every Friday, price 3d.

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"HAMLET."

THE great secret of success in the case of this eminent actor is his ability to impart to the character assumed the semblance of nature. He contrives to lend this human identity to the most stilted incidents of the dramatic form, and breathes a common atmosphere over the entire scene into the most precise of classic types. There has been no better assurance of this than was afforded in his performance last evening, where he had to deal with ideas extraneous to the ordinary experience of feeling in passion, emotion, or melancholy. It can very positively be asserted that he defined the most vital, sentient, and moving Hamlet it has been the good fortune of many people to receive into regard. He has touched the man in the idea, and instead of a mist of metaphysical, philosophical argumentation, a sounding discharge of obscure conceits, he leaves us a clear draught of the question and holds the man in our gaze with the fierce conflict between the energies of the heart and the dictates of the mind most vividly apparent. He causes an audience to feel the impression of his work along the bond of sympathy, uniting the perceptive and the conscious faculties, the thing seen corresponding to the thing felt, the mimicry being recognised as the external evidence of the genuine emotion that throbs response from within. The charm, the delight, the profound admiration grow out of the soulful animation of the conception, the touching, magnetic, real conditions exercised. In the scene with Ophelia, Mr. Irving inspired so much sincere and hearty sentiment into the cruel lines addressed to the frail girl, whom he knew well, that he must have moved this harsh incident by the most exquisite bit of pathos contained in the curious play. We do not remember ever to have witnessed so affecting a representation of this scene, and certainly never knew it to produce so marked an effect on an audience.—INTER-OCEAN.

"THE BELLS" & "THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM."

THESE two unearthly stage pictures stand quite alone in our memory. Mr. Irving's Mathias is as wonderful as ever in its force and utter lifelikeness. Mr. Irving and Miss Terry invest the parts of Doricourt and Letitia Hardy with a charm and grace quite their own. Few actors either would or could safely venture to act Doricourt so quietly, so wholly naturally as Mr. Irving does. The utter awkwardness and transparent absurdity of his going mad is a bold stroke of Nature. Something of the same sort is seen in the constant refinement that shuns the affectation. Miss Terry's attempts to play the hoyden at Letitia Hardy. She is as good a real hoydenish as a high-bred lady would know how to be, and more so. When she sits at the table and pushes her feet into the chair on which Doricourt is seated, the action has no flavour of vulgarity in it; it seems merely unconventional.—THE BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT.

AN audience as large and enthusiastic as any that ever greeted Mr. Irving, in this city, assembled at the Boston Theatre last evening to welcome him on his return from his western tour.—THE BOSTON POST.

HIS work in "The Bells" would give him rank as an actor who far transcends the ordinary manifestations of dramatic art, and evolves from his own personality a new type that cannot be fully judged by the old established standard of criticism. Mathias is, indeed, a marvellous revelation. What Hawthorne did with his pen for Dimesdale in "The Scarlet Letter" Irving does on the stage for Mathias, master—removes the flesh and blood from the soul, and shows us all its anguished woe. In our judgment, "The Bells" as played by Mr. Irving and his company, is the most powerful sermon on the modern stage; and so long as it remains the dramatic art is amply vindicated as a moral force. The tension which this superlative piece of art puts upon an audience is very great, and was evidenced last night by the rapt silence which from time to time settled upon the auditorium, as though the spectators realised that here was something too grand for applause. There is a homage in such spellbound attention far beyond and above the enthusiasm that evaporates through the palms of the hands, which was almost wholly reserved for the fall of the curtain.—THE BOSTON EVENING TRAVELLER.

IN "The Belle's Stratagem" Miss Terry appeared as Letitia Hardy to Mr. Irving's Doricourt, and was received with great warmth. Her exquisite speech, her gay and sparkling humour, and her freshly delicate naturalness gave a charm to every scene in which she appeared, and it was well worth while to see her and the others dance a gavotte, and to observe the perfection of the stage appointments.—THE BOSTON ADVERTISER.

THE wonderfully vivid character study of Mathias in that most entralling play, "The Bells," was witnessed last evening by a host of Irving admirers at the Boston Theatre. Miss Terry was as bright and winsome as ever as the hoydenish Letitia. The embodiment of grace, her presence on the stage was followed always with pleasure. The lady seemed to thoroughly enjoy her impersonation, and she acted with a delightful liveliness and spirit.—THE BOSTON GLOBE.

"LOUIS XI." & "THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM."

THAT Mr. Henry Irving has achieved a lasting popularity in this city was attested last evening by the hearty welcome given him by a very large audience at the Boston Theatre.—THE BOSTON HERALD.

AS for Mr. Irving's impersonation we can add nothing new to the strong utterance of delight and admiration which its marvellous artistic perfection, its clear and close intelligence, and its unbroken intensity have already called forth in this paper.—THE BOSTON ADVERTISER.

MISS TERRY'S Letitia Hardy is a comedy cameo exquisitely cut and polished. With a natural and airy grace she moved from scene to scene, surcharging each with a delicate humour, which proved highly contagious to the audience, and more than confirming the pleasant impression which she made upon us last December.—THE BOSTON EVENING TRAVELLER.

IT was a glorious audience that welcomed Irving and Terry back to Boston last evening. No better evidence of the great popularity of the English artists could have been given than that which was implied in the presence of such an assemblage. The Boston was thronged.—THE BOSTON GLOBE.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

A REALLY wonderful performance of "Much Ado About Nothing" was that enjoyed, and heartily enjoyed, by the large audience at the Boston Theatre last night. Mr. Irving's Benedict was a most interesting exception. Of Miss Terry's Beatrice it is difficult to speak in sufficiently strong terms of praise. It was in all things perfect. A truly graceful, daintily saucy, sharp at retort, without trace of coarseness, playfully coquettish, laughingly sincere, anything, everything that the case demanded and the perfection of whatever she was. Miss Terry realised the ideal Beatrice absolutely. The neither lacked a jot in spirit nor in the slightest overstepped the bounds of good taste. The incarnation of vivacity and nièriement, there was yet always about her a certain quality of dignity that lifted whatever she did above mere romping, and always commanded respect.—THE BOSTON POST.

A more thoroughly enjoyable representation of "Much Ado About Nothing" than that given last night at the Boston Theatre by Mr. Irving and his company has never been witnessed in this city; and it is equally safe to say that never has one been more thoroughly enjoyed than this was by the great audience gathered to see it. The aim of the entire performance seemed to be—and unquestionably was—to give, not an evening with Irving and Terry, but an evening with Shakespeare. As such it was an unequalled success. This most delightful of the master poet's comedies was granted due justice in all its scenes and all its parts, and the result was everything that the most exacting of playgoers could desire. It is difficult to speak of the representation without the use of terms that may seem extravagant to those who estimate enough to have witnessed it. Miss Terry's Beatrice is a high-spirited, gay, vivacious, impudent, witty, but not a harsh, the very embodiment of fun, yet tender of heart and full of sympathy, and far from being the sharp-tongued termagant that many actresses present her. She captivated her audience last night in her first speech, and thereafter held them in willing bondage. Her sensibility, her grace, her vivacity, won all hearts and all hands in the theatre, and hearty applause was never bestowed than that which rewarded her efforts.—THE BOSTON HERALD.

NO sensitive person could have witnessed the representation without being consoled of some new enlightenment to his aesthetic sense, to his intellect, and to his heart. The glamour of the scene was complete; and it must have required a rare dulness and obstinacy of spirit to refuse to be transported out of "this ignorant present" into that wonderful past, which is the poet's realm of enchantment.—THE BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

ELLEN TERRY'S Beatrice is a most winning and most fascinating performance. She invests the rôle with the charm of her own dainty personality; and presence on the stage was always something to attract. Better than all, she seemed to you perfectly the character, and speaks the lines of Beatrice with a sure and a perfect understanding of their meaning that makes her portraiture quite ideal. In the scene with Hero in the church she seemed to be in truth the sorrowing sister; and the appeal to Benedick to avenge the insult to the wronged girl was most effective. But to enumerate all the charming characteristics of Miss Terry's acting would be to pass in review the entire personation. The lady's success was very great; with Mr. Irving, she was often recalled.—THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE.

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Gorman could see that Berna shrank a little more into herself as his father spoke.

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BY MRS. J. H. RIDDELL.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

HAD better go round by the road," said Mr. Gorman Muir to his companion as he drove slowly out of Ardilaw. "The cross lane will be very heavy after so much rain."

"Do you think so?" answered Berna, faintly. She had shrunk into the very smallest possible space, and found it difficult to prevent her teeth chattering as loudly as the spokes of Mr. Muir's old gig rattled.

"Yes; it will be in a shocking condition," returned Gorman, and then he paused. He did not know what to say next. Precious minutes were flying, and he felt tongue-tied. With any other girl he would have found plenty to talk about. He had driven girls home before that night, and could not remember that the conversational well ever dried up—but

now it seemed frozen. Ah! the moonlights, and the twilights, and the starlights that all came back to memory as he peered forward into the darkness: evenings on the water— evenings wandering among flowers, while the sound of music floated across the warm summer air— evenings when he looked at downcast blushing faces and upturned laughing eyes, and words were not lacking, or, for that matter, looks either; and now—he felt stricken dumb.

But faint heart, as we know, never won fair lady—added to which it was manifestly impossible two persons could drive steadily through the night and never exchange a syllable. Accordingly, though the voice in which he spoke sounded strange to his ears, Gorman began—

"I am glad, Miss Boyle, to have at last an opportunity of apologising for frightening you so much the first time we met. The matter has been a weight on my conscience from that evening till this hour."

"I was more startled than frightened, I think," Berna answered.

"Yet you have not walked there since," he said, and unconsciously he leaned a little towards her, and his voice took a tenderer tone.

"Well, it is scarcely the season," suggested Berna, who, at that moment, would have welcomed any accident that had taken her out of the gig.

"That is true," he answered. "When the fine weather comes again I trust you will not let the memory of my unfortunate intrusion prevent your taking what I should imagine must be a pleasant stroll."

"I do not know where we may be when the fine weather comes again," said the girl, ignoring the implied question concerning the delight of wandering through Mr. Muir's meadow.

"Why, are you thinking of moving? I imagined you were settled here."

"Mamma does not like the country. She often speaks of moving into some town."

"Belfast?"

"No; not Belfast. Bangor, possibly. She has friends there: she has none here."

"But you, Miss Boyle—you would not wish to leave Clear Stream?"

"I think I should like to go to Bangor," she answered. "I love the sea."

He did not know what to say after that, it seemed a complete rout. True, Bangor was not far away, but it could never be the same thing as Dundonald. If she went there, who could predict what might happen? Once again he sat dumb—this time from misery, not shyness.

"I was in hopes that you would have remained at Clear Stream," he ventured at last; "it is a pretty little cottage."

"Yes; but it is lonely for mamma."

"And for you?"

"I do not mind about that. All places are much the same to me—now"—

"Ah!" he said. "I do not think place has much to do with happiness. I—for instance"—then—"Were you ever in the county Kilkenny, Miss Boyle?"

"No. Our county was Mayo."

"I do not know Mayo. I once spent a month in Galway, near Lough Cong, with some people called Vassaleur. Perhaps you may have heard of them."

"Yes, from the Dowager. I mean old Mrs. Boyle. They were friends of hers." She could have added that the families once hoped to be closely allied. A daughter of the house, now a middle-aged spinster, might possibly have been her father's wife but for that unfortunate meeting with Milly Vince, which made such a wreck of his after existence.

"Old Mr. Vassaleur was shot one day as he was driving up his own avenue," said Gorman, beating the coverts of his mind in vain for some clever or original remark.

"Yes," agreed Berna, to whom every detail of the murder had been familiar for years.

"That is what I shall be one day, I expect."

"Why?" For the first time Berna's voice had a touch of interest.

"Because I have taken Finney's Farm."

"Who is Finney?"

"He was a man who held under the Ardilaws: he had been evicted before Mr. Garnsey bought the land, and when the Ardilaws let the farm to a fresh tenant the house was burnt down about his ears. After Mr. Garnsey got possession, he let the land to some one, who put a fresh roof on the house, and ran up the party walls, and made the place habitable once more. No sooner was that done than the fresh tenant was burnt out, narrowly escaping with his life. For a time Mr. Garnsey cropped the ground himself, but the potatoes were dug out of the drills, and the corn cut green. It has been lying fallow for years, and now I am going to try my luck."

"But is not that foolish? Some harm may come to you."

"If harm does come, who is there to care? In the world I suppose there is not a more lonely man than myself."

"You have your father and your sisters," said Berna, taking refuge in one of those statements which are safe because purely conventional.

Gorman laughed, a little bitterly. "When a man has been away for six-and-twenty years from all his relations, he finds not merely that they can do very well without him, but that he can do very well without them."

"It is sad to hear any one say so."

"Why should it be? We were all meant to leave home, to form fresh ties, to make new interests for ourselves. I have not made any fresh ties yet, and therefore it signifies little what becomes of me."

There could be no answer to this. Berna felt strongly any fresh ties Mr. Gorman Muir chose to form ought to be nothing to her; whilst the young man, conscious that matters were at last progressing a little, waited painfully for what might happen next. A word, a single word of sympathy, and he would have told her there was one for whose sake he might be induced to count life valuable—one he held as high above him as the stars of heaven; one he scarcely dared to think of as ever likely to smile on him; but Berna did not speak that word.

Instinct, which is often so much safer a guide than experience, taught her she stood on the very verge of dangerous ground.

While they were talking, Gorman had let the horse slacken his pace almost to a walk. "At this rate," thought Berna, "it will be an hour before we get to Clear Stream"; and what might such a man not say even in a few minutes?

"Oh! Mr. Muir," she exclaimed; "would you mind driving a little quicker? It is very late, and mamma will be so uneasy."



Gorman started as if from a dream, and gave the horse a couple of slashing cuts with the whip, which caused it to spring forward and then settle into a long, stretching trot, which made the gig rock and the loose spokes shake as though the crazy vehicle were going to pieces.

"Don't beat the poor thing," entreated Berna; "perhaps it is very tired. I ought not to have stopped so long at Ardilaw, or allowed your father to send me home."

"Perhaps you think you ought to have got wet through, and tramped home along lanes which are now a foot deep in mud," said Gorman, ironically; taking the animal, which was momentarily increasing its speed, well in hand. "No, Miss Boyle," he went on, in a different tone; "had we let you do anything of the sort, we ought to have been shot; and as for the horse, he is not tired; he has not been out of the stable for two days. I wonder, now, if you think I am cruel; if you do, you are mistaken. I would not wilfully hurt anything. You believe me? I should like to hear you say you believe that, at any rate."

"I should be very sorry to believe otherwise; but"—

"You think I was too rough with the poor old fellow. Perhaps I was, and I am sorry for it; but if you saw him following me about at Ardilaw, and trying to put his nose into my pockets for bread or carrots, I am sure you would see he understands me. One may seem unkind sometimes, and yet never mean to be so."

If he expected her to make any comment on this general statement, Mr. Gorman Muir was mistaken.

"I had a pony once," Berna said, in a didactic sort of way, "that would eat anything—bread, apples, walnuts, plums—which it could steal. Such a funny little pony!" and Berna's voice faltered. She wondered where that pony was at the moment.

"You ride, then?" exclaimed Gorman. "Oh! I wish you would let me train a horse for you. I have a lovely young thing coming home next week that would just suit you. Dark brown, with black legs; though full of spirit, gentle as a lamb; a mouth soft as a lady's hand; you might ride him with a silken thread. Do let me train him for you—I should feel so proud and happy."

"Thank you, Mr. Muir," said Berna, who felt really touched by his eager earnestness. "It is very kind of you; but I never rode except with papa; and I do not suppose I shall ever ride again. We are very poor now, you know," she added, with that unconscious pride which so often apes humility; "and we are never likely to be anything else."

"I hope you are greatly mistaken," Gorman began; but he could add no more, for at that moment the horse turned into the lane where Clear Stream Cottage was situated, and, finding its head was set towards Ardilaw, improved its pace so suddenly that Gorman found he had much ado to pull him up at the rustic gate, where someone whose head was enveloped in a shawl stood waiting.

"Who is that?" asked Mrs. Boyle—for it was, indeed, the widow—as the conveyance stopped.

"It is I—Berna—mamma," answered the girl, springing down into the mud before Gorman could select a dry spot for her to descend. "I hope you have not been uneasy about me."

"Much you care about my uneasiness, Miss," retorted Mrs. Boyle. "Keeping me out here till this time of night, catching my death of cold, and breaking my heart thinking you had got murdered or robbed, and were lying in some ditch, only to be brought home stiff and stark, as your father was. Ah! it's well seen which parent you take after—not a bit of thought for anybody but yourself. And now, will you please to say where you've been all the day long, and who it is that is standing there?"

"Only Gorman Muir, Mrs. Boyle," explained that young man, coming forward and taking off his hat. "My father saw Miss Boyle sheltering at Ardilaw; and, as he would not hear of her walking home, I took the liberty of driving her back myself. I hope and trust she will be none the worse for being out in such dreadful weather."

"Oh! Mr. Muir," exclaimed the widow, "I never can return you sufficient thanks. I am sure I feel most grateful both to you and your father. If I don't die of standing here with nothing but this shawl about my head—and, indeed, it was always considered I would go into a decline on account of the beautiful colour in my cheeks—I'll remember your kindness to the last day of my life. There's not many would have given themselves so much trouble about a young slip of a girl who hasn't as much sense as would carry a snipe across a bog. Come inside, Mr. Muir. Don't be stopping out there making a stranger of yourself—and you such a friend and all. What's that you say?—the horse won't stand? Well, well, more's the pity; and not a stable, or even a byre, about the place to bid you put him up in. It's very good of you, I'm sure, to tell me take care of myself, and not be staying in the night air; but as I've stopped so long fretting myself to death about Berna, a minute or two more can't make any difference. Hadn't she best get in beside the fire? Yes, that she had. She'll be all for taking care of herself. I am sure if I gave way as she does I might be ordering my coffin every week. You see!—she's gone with hardly good-night to you. It is a trial to a woman when she sees her child growing up as different from herself as darkness is from light. Well, if you must go, Mr. Gorman, though I'd have been more than pleased if you could have come in and had an air of the fire."

"You are kindness itself," returned the young man; "but I really must be making the best of my way back to Ardilaw. If, however, you would allow me to call to-morrow to inquire how you and Miss Boyle are after this evening's exposure, I should esteem it a great favour."

"Come and welcome," answered the widow. "I'm sure in this wilderness—footsoe and weary, the Jews never found a worse—it's a comfort to find anybody to tell one's troubles to. And you needn't put yourself out if Berna sits like a marble statue and never opens her lips. She means no harm. It's just her way; and a bad way, too, as I've told her, over and over again."

"Good-night, dear Mrs. Boyle. You really must not stand here any longer," and Gorman pressed the widow's outstretched hand warmly in his own.

But for the friendly intervention of the rustic gate Mrs. Boyle might have seized so excellent an opportunity for fainting in the young man's arms. As it was, she only said—

"Come as often as ever you like," adding to herself the comforting assurance, "He's breaking his heart for the want of me." And, as she tripped back along the path, she tossed her little head coquettishly at the thought, "He was just like the rest of them."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I suppose," said Mr. Muir to his son next morning, shortly after breakfast, "you'll be going to Beechfield to-day, and seeing if Miss Garnsey's any the worse for yesterday's rain."

"She was not out in it; but I meant to ride over and inquire how she got home."

"That's right. Civility'll never hurt you; and I'm sure she'll be right well pleased."

Gorman made no direct answer to these statements; his mind was full of another matter.

"And as I come back," he remarked, "I suppose I had better take Clear Stream in my way, and ask after Miss Boyle."

"It would not be amiss," agreed Mr. Muir. "The mother's a good tenant; and, though she's just the very craziest old woman I ever did come across, I daresay she is fond of her child through all. I tell you what, Gorman, leave it off till the afternoon, and we can walk over together."

Whether or not this arrangement was one which recommended itself to Mr. Gorman Muir, he assented to the suggestion with a good grace; and about three o'clock father and son set out to pay that visit which Mrs. Boyle arrayed herself to receive hours previously. Berna, knowing pretty well what was coming, had gone for a long walk early in the forenoon. When she saw her mother don fresh cap and best dress, she said she had a headache, and thought the air might do it good.

"Very likely, dear," said Mrs. Boyle, who desired nothing more earnestly than her daughter's absence; "and you need not be hurrying yourself. We'll tell Ruth to put the dinner-time back an hour, so you can take a fine long turn when you're about it."

Well the girl knew what this meant, and, interpreting her mother's permission in the widest sense, she remained out till she conceived the longest visit must have ended.

When Ruth opened the door Berna looked at her old nurse inquiringly, but Ruth only shook her head. He had not been there, evidently, and the girl's heart sank within her. She was tired, her limbs were weary, and the air had not blown away her headache. She felt low and dispirited, and in no mood to reply cheerfully when Mrs. Boyle exclaimed, "Oh, here you are, that's well. I told Ruth we'd only have a tray brought in to-day; no call to spread a cloth, there's no knowing who might happen to step in."

"Are you expecting anyone, mamma?"

"Not to exactly say expect; but I wouldn't be surprised if Mr. Gorman Muir looked in to pass the time of day. He did let fall a word about coming to see I'd got no cold through standing in the night air watching for you. Come now, take off your things as fast as you can, and let us get our dinner over."

"I do not want any dinner," said Berna. "I should like to lie down for an hour. If Mr. Muir does call, I would rather be out of the way."

"There you are again," exclaimed Mrs. Boyle. "Was there ever such a girl before; always thinking about yourself, walking till you are tired to death, and then coming home and wanting to be waited on hand and foot. However, go and lie down, it's nothing to me; indeed, when you're well you're not such lively company anybody need break their heart to be without you for a while."

It was something even to have got this permission, and Berna lost no time in availing herself of it. For nearly an hour she lay listening and thinking, but at last she fell into a dreamless sleep. When she awoke, darkness had set in, and Ruth was standing by the bed-side with a candle in her hand.

"It's nearly five o'clock, Miss Berna," she said in an eager whisper. "Mr. Muir and his son have been here this hour and more. They are going to stop for tea, and the mistress has sent me to call you."

In the first moment of waking Berna had raised herself on her elbow, and rubbed her eyes, half blinded with the light. Now she lay down again, sighing heavily. Evidently she felt no wild desire to add another to the festive party in the little sitting-room.

Ruth stood looking at her for a few seconds, every wrinkle in her toil-worn face expressive of the tenderest love and deepest compassion.

What ought her young lady not to have had in the way of wealth and pleasure and society? Well born, well bred, well nurtured, she ought, had things gone as they should, to have been, as her nurse expressed the matter, among the "first in the land; and here she is, through her own free will, chained to a foolish mother but little better than me—worse nor me, indeed, because she hasn't a grain of sense, not enough to know when she's making a town talk of herself."

"I am afraid, Miss, dear," she said, after that minute's pause, "you'll have to go in among them. The mistress is in one of her humours, and she'll listen to nothing I can tell her. There'll only be a disturbance if you keep away. It's the father wants to see you. I think they've heard as much talk almost as they can stand. It has been going straight on ever since they came in. If your mother had been running about with them since she was two years of age she couldn't be freer or more friendly. It's a burning shame, and I'll tell her so, once they're gone, whether she's pleased or displeased; but you'd best get up now—you had indeed. I'll just let them know you're coming, and then I'll slip back and do up your hair. Oh, dear! oh, dear!" added poor Ruth, *sotto voce*, as she left the room, "to think of my child ever having to demean herself by going among the like of them. It's enough to make the poor master rise from his grave."

Ten minutes later, with the flush of sleep still tinged her cheeks, Berna walked along the passage, pausing for a moment at the parlour-door ere entering the room.

Talk—that is, Mrs. Boyle's talk—was still in full progress. The widow seemed in the height of her glory; she had got her audience, who were receiving as scant mercy as the ancient mariner showed to that unhappy wedding guest.

At the moment when Berna stood still, holding the handle in her trembling fingers, Mrs. Boyle was in full cry across country, giving an account of her husband's death. "Though I did everything short of going down on my bended knees to him, he would ride the chestnut, which was one of the wickedest brutes in all Mayo. Well, and as I was saying"—

At that juncture Berna entered, a brilliant colour mantling in her cheeks, her eyes bright with feverish excitement, her heart sick with shame and sorrow, every nerve in her body in a state of tension.

As if a ghost had suddenly appeared before her, Mrs. Boyle stopped dead in her narrative.

"So you've come at last!" she exclaimed. "I am sure I don't know what Mr. Muir must think of you."

What Mr. Muir really thought was that he saw before him a very beautiful young girl; and as he took Berna's cold hand in his, he verbally expressed something of this idea. The man meant no offence, it was only his nature; but Gorman could see that Berna shrank a little more into herself as he spoke.

"Miss Boyle is not accustomed to such compliments," he said, with an uneasy laugh.

"Isn't she?" returned the farmer. "She'll get used to them after a bit, from some more likely person than me."

"She's far too young for anything of that sort," broke in Mrs. Boyle.

"Is she now? I shouldn't have thought it," observed Mr. Muir, surveying Berna in a way which dyed her face with still a deeper crimson. "But never mind me, Miss, it was only my joke; all I meant was, you're a very fine young woman, though your mother, as is natural, will have it you're still but a child."

"I hope you did not take any cold yesterday, Miss Boyle," said Gorman.

"Cold!" repeated the widow. "What would make her take cold? Your father and you took too good care of her for

that; well wrapped, and driven home while I was fretting myself to death out in the damp night air, wondering what had become of her."

"And you ought to pay more heed to yourself than stand out in the night air at your time of life," said Mr. Muir, who had no idea of founding any pleasing fiction on the fact of his tenant's age.

"I don't know what you mean about my time of life," answered Mrs. Boyle. Trouble makes us all look old, but it can't make anybody really old. If I hadn't married younger than that girl there, and taken the weight of the world on myself before I was well out of the nursery."

"You couldn't have looked better than you do," finished Mr. Muir, laudably anxious to conciliate. "It's not many that have come through as much could have kept the girl's figure you have, and been as light on your feet as yourself. Why, there's my eldest daughter Bell—wants a month or two yet of being six-and-twenty, and I declare to my conscience she looks an old woman beside you."

"It's the mind does it, Mr. Muir," said the widow, in gracious explanation. "It's the mind. As my poor father used to say—'You'll be a girl, Milly, till you are eighty year old.' I take after him; he was the merriest soul. The very morning as he died in the evening he was lifting out, 'The night before Larry was stretched,' and making us all screech with laughing. Ah! there's not many left like him."

"I remember him well," Mr. Muir remarked. "He was a short stout man, red faced, with a squint. He'd put away many a tumbler of punch in his time, or I'm much mistaken. His nephew does not favour him much."

"No, that he doesn't," agreed Mrs. Boyle; "there's but little fun about Richard Vince. Not that I've a word to say against him. We can't all be pleasant and heartsome alike; and, maybe, it's not Richard's fault altogether that the cares of riches have been a yoke round his neck and a burden to his feet, as the Bible talks about."

Gorman Muir looked at the speaker in amazement. He had never previously conceived of such a woman as Mrs. Boyle. That she could be Berna's mother seemed to him monstrous. His own father might be, and was, objectionable; but at least no one could say he was a fool.

"She ought to be glad to marry me," he thought, "to get away from this;" and then he turned to Berna, who with averted face was gazing steadily into the fire, only to feel the girl's nature held something in it he might find it difficult exactly to understand.

"Stir yourself, now, Berna," commanded Mrs. Boyle, "and give Mr. Muir a cup of tea. I hope you'll make yourselves at home," she proceeded with gracious hospitality; "we oughtn't to be like strangers to one another. Here's some apple jelly I made myself after we came to Clear Stream. Though I say it, I don't think you'd find better coloured in the county. When I was a girl I always did get praise for my preserves. As I often tell Berna there, she'll be a poor useless creature if ever she comes to have a house of her own."

"Maybe she'll not need to look after anything of the kind," suggested Mr. Muir.

"It's to be hoped she won't indeed. If she's to see to much, I pity the man who gets her. She hasn't the least notion of making things comfortable, and as for conversation, you might as well expect it from a mute."

"Mamma is determined you shall not remain in ignorance of my faults, Mr. Muir," said Berna, trying to smile.

"You see," answered that gentleman, "when one in a house has heaps of talk, it is as well there is somebody knows how to hold her tongue. What do you think you'd do, Mrs. Boyle, if your daughter had as much to say as yourself?"

"I'd be thankful, I am sure. Many's the time and often I sit wondering what'll become of the girl when I am dead and gone, and she has nobody to speak up for her. To see me so lively and cheerful, you would never believe the amount of thought I have in me; and I need it all, too, for goodness only knows what would happen if I wasn't always considering something."

It was at this point Berna determinedly struck across her mother's monologue. Turning to Gorman, she asked him about Finney's Farm—if he had really decided to take it; whether he did not think the risk too great. Astonished, Mr. Muir noticed the quick, nervous decision of her manner—the resolute way in which she prevented any further exhibition of folly.

"There's a heap in her," he thought; "I wonder, now, whether it's bad or good."

"You'll give us a song after a while, Miss Boyle, won't you?" he said. "It'll be long before I forget what you sang yesterday."

"I have a quantity of new music, if you would care to look at it," Gorman ventured; "some good duets, and"—

"Duets!" thought Berna, horrified. "Thank you," she answered, with that new manner which so surprised Mr. Muir, "but I never sang any duets excepting with papa; and I do not think I shall ever sing any again."

"Did you ever hear anything like her?" inquired Mrs. Boyle. "You might think no one had ever lost a father before."

"No one could have been fonder of a father," said Berna, with a dangerous flash in her eyes. No, never again, she determined, would she sit quiet and hear the dead spoken of as she had done. "What should you like, Mr. Muir?" she asked, rising and going towards the piano, which was, indeed, an old instrument discarded from the school-room at Craigvallen; and she sang a couple of songs, while Mrs. Boyle giggled and chattered in audible whispers to the younger man.

"Give us something now with a bit of life in it, Berna," said the widow at last. "Young Lochinvar, or Sandy and the Mermaid, or Allan-a-dale."

"Allan-a-dale is delightful," remarked Gorman.

"Yes; let's have Allan-a-dale," cried Mrs. Boyle; and when her daughter, after some natural hesitation, began that old-world ditty, she was good enough to join in with a high, cracked voice, and many a twist and twirl and marvellous cadenza. The way she looked at Gorman and nodded her head, and tapped the floor with her foot, and generally—as Mr. Muir afterwards remarked—went on like a mad woman, was simply indescribable.

"She was off to the forest to hear a love tale, And the youth it was told by was Allan-a-dale," sang the widow, with a triumphant toss of her cap and a killing glance at Gorman. "That's the sort of tune for me; none of your die-away, heart-broken ballads."

"And you've a fine shrill voice of your own yet, ma'am," said Mr. Muir, in doubtful compliment. "Thank you, Miss Boyle; it's a real treat to hear anybody able to sing like you. Now Gorman, if you're ready; we'd best be lessening the distance between here and Ardilaw."

(To be continued.)

Mr. William Comer

NEW BOOKS.

Why is North Queensland called *The Never, Never Land*? Mr. A. W. Stirling, the clever author of a bright and lively book (published by Sampson Low and Co.) does not exactly answer this question. It seems an uninviting and rather disparaging name, which is given by people who dwell south of that country to a wide region of rolling uplands, extending from the coast of Australia north of the tropical line to the rivers flowing into the Gulf of Carpentaria. The inhabitants of Adelaide and Melbourne, of Sydney, and even of Brisbane, know little more of this region than we do in England. The way to go thither is by landing at Townsville, in Cleveland Bay, the port of the northern gold-mining district, thence travelling over the coast-range, and crossing the Burdekin, to Charters Towers. Few visitors, except those in quest of auriferous quartz, or those in search of pastoral lands for squatting, and wool-growing, or stock-raising, have been wont to pass that way. This may, perhaps, be the reason, as most of the Australians have "never" been there, for their habit of speaking of it as the "Never, Never Land." Mr. Stirling's report of it, however, is sufficiently favourable to warrant the belief that it will, in the next few years, attract and reward the enterprise of many settlers furnished with the needful amount of capital, and will become one of the most productive regions of Australia. The gold-fields around Charters Towers, worked during twelve years past with steadily increasing success, may hereafter rival those of Victoria, but require costly machinery, and the application of scientific processes, for the full development of their riches, which is sure to be effected in time. They yielded, indeed, nearly 90,000 ounces of gold in 1882, the year of the author's visit to that neighbourhood. Mr. Stirling's own business, personally, was to look for an eligible station and sheep-run, on sale as freehold property, which he would have purchased and worked for himself, jointly with another gentleman, Mr. Cole, who was his travelling companion in the ride through North Queensland. While his views of the country were eminently practical, he did not omit to observe and enjoy, wherever he went, the amusing varieties of colonial society, both in town and country; the natural history of that region, with its wild animals, birds, and reptiles; the sport of kangaroo-hunting, and the habits of the aboriginal black folk, all which he describes in a very entertaining manner. He has an effective knack of relating brief characteristic stories and anecdotes to exemplify these subjects; while his own opinions are expressed, pleasantly though decidedly, in the plainest and fewest words. Readers who have already learned, from many other volumes, something about the older Australian colonies, and who may even be acquainted, by their descriptions, with Brisbane and Toowoomba, and with the Darling Downs, will gladly accompany Mr. Stirling to the new ground he traverses in this agreeable narrative. His journeys, by stage-coach or on horseback, with the personal adventures he and his fellow-passengers met with on the road, are told so as to be really interesting, and carry us along with him, introducing us to many queer shifts and odd tricks of unconventional people in remote places, which he notices with equal shrewdness and good humour. The ordinary life and work of great sheep-stations are displayed in his account of such an establishment as Hugenhenden, on the Flinders river, belonging to Mr. Robert Gray, which is compared with others, Redcliffe Station, Moselle Downs, Cassilis, and those bearing the classical names of Albion, Telamon, Marathon, and Clio. These estates, as might be expected, are rising in value, and the author did not find any suitable to his purpose then saleable at a price that he thought worth his while to offer. The want of water, during some months in the year, except where a river flows through the land, presents a great difficulty to the pastoral settler. He is often obliged to sink wells of very great depth, and to provide expensive means of raising the water, for the supply of his sheep in the rainless season; and he may find, after all his cost and pains, that the water of the well is salt. A plan more commonly adopted is that of constructing dams and reservoirs for the rain-water, but it depends on the nature of the country, and is always a matter of considerable expense. Notwithstanding these and other drawbacks, Mr. Stirling has no doubt of the value of the country, in general, for sheep-farming purposes, more especially if a superior breed of sheep, yielding a heavier fleece and of a finer quality, were imported from the southern colonies. The future prosperity of Queensland, with its diversity of resources, mineral, pastoral, and agricultural, and its capability of growing sugar, coffee, and other tropical produce, will probably surpass the expectations of many who have not personally examined its natural conditions. Mr. Stirling, in any case, has written an acceptable and useful book upon the subject. The volume is adorned with numerous engravings, from original sketches, a few of which lately appeared in this Journal.

A little more than two years ago Lady Jackson published "The French Court," a work carrying its readers from 1774 to 1814, inclusive. We have now before us *The Court of the Tuilleries*—in two volumes (Bentley and Son)—dating from 1815, which is in sort a continuation or sequel to the former book. Any interest which may have been felt in reading the narrative of the Reign of Terror, and of the years immediately preceding and following it, may be transmitted to the present volumes, which are not inapt successors, and, with a less sensational field to glean from, are yet equal to the previous publication in most points. One important fault of style, although certainly modified, remains uncorrected—namely, the excessive recurrence of French words and phrases which are introduced "by the head and shoulder," almost on every page. Lady Jackson's personal dislike to Marie Autoinette's character is strongly marked, and extends to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who is represented by every disagreeable phase of her disposition, to the disregard of the favourable side of her vigour of character generally, which was sufficiently remarkable to call forth from Napoleon (especially acent her exertions in resisting him after his return from Elba) the remark that "she was the only man of her family." "The Court of the Tuilleries" deals with the abdication of Napoleon, an entry of the Allies into Paris, whose baggage-waggons, by-the-way, brought something more than the Bourbons into France—they made English a fashionable language, and free form of literary expression in France may be said to date from 1815. Lady Jackson passes in review many who sought audiences of Louis XVIII. ("le gros goutteau," as the reader is constantly reminded), the episode between Benjamin Constant and Madame Récamier, the faults and failings of the Bourbons, and the schemes which caused the Imperialist reaction to set in; the return of "the Man of Elba," which always must command a certain amount of sympathy even from his detractors, standing out as his energy, ability, and discipline must stand out when contrasted with the weakness of the Bourbon dynasty. Succeeding Napoleon's short-lived success, and the Duke of Wellington's fall in Paris, come the many sad executions, some space being justly allotted to the marriage and lives of the Duc and Duchesse de Berry, the melancholy scene attendant on the Duke's assassination being well described. The birth of the Duc de Bordeaux and the hidden enmity of the Duc d'Orléans, with the death of

Louis XVIII., follow next in interest, succeeded by a full and elaborate account of the coronation of Charles X., the salon bleu of Madame Récamier, the Duchesse de Berry's visit to Chambord, the miserable and deluded Polignac Administration, the fatal ordinances of July 28, resulting in the abdication of Charles and the Duc d'Angoulême, the short-lived bourgeois popularity of Louis Philippe, ending with the death of Madame Récamier. Although these volumes are too full of descriptions of fripperies and flummoxes to make them seriously valuable as works of reference or importance, they will yet give to the casual reader much amusement, coupled with some information which is not sufficiently generally known, and may lead to the study of higher and stronger works on the same period, a result which is by no means to be despised.

Dr. Johnson said truly that a literary life might be made very entertaining, and the interest is not lessened when an author sits down to tell his own story. *The Autobiography of Anna Eliza Bray*, edited by John A. Kempe (Chapman and Hall), belongs to a class of books attractive to most readers. The writer was at one time a popular novelist; and her tales, drawn in some cases with considerable local knowledge, possess much merit. Readers, however, cry out for something new, and novels, unless preserved by the pure salt of genius, become obsolete before they grow old. What may be the ultimate fate of Mrs. Bray's works it would be perilous to conjecture; but the autobiography is likely to attract attention to them. The writer was born in 1789, and died in 1883. Her life had many vicissitudes in its earlier years, but it cannot be called eventful; and, as the wife of a Devonshire clergyman, she did not mix much in London society. Still she has many curious incidents to relate of bygone times and of people whose names are probably more familiar than their works. Thus we read an amusing story of highwaymen on Hampstead Heath; of the delights of Ranelagh; of Stubbs, the animal painter, who kept an old coach in his gallery in which four dressed skeletons were seated; of Stothard, whose accomplished son was Mrs. Bray's first husband; of Upcott, a famous autograph and book collector, who gloried in the possession of a complete set of the *Gentleman's Magazine* with the pages *uncut*; and of a gallant sailor who gained promotion in the Navy by singing the Prince of Wales to sleep. Mrs. Bray knew Amelia Opie, whom she terms, with feminine exaggeration, a woman of first-rate genius; she knew Southeby, but not in the heyday of his power; she met Sir Walter Scott at Murray's, and "heard him talk about wind and rain, and a thunderstorm, very much like every other man"; and she breakfasted with Rogers, and observes, which is certainly a new view of the banker-poet, that "it is impossible to conceive a character more formed to give delight and to become popular." Mr. Kempe's Introduction to the "Autobiography" is not very flattering to the memory of his great-aunt. All through life she seems to have been in a fidget about her health, and Mr. Bray shared the peculiarity. She was too impulsive in her benevolence, and too excitable in her sympathies, we are told, for useful visiting amongst the poor. The eccentric couple were greatly afraid of taking cold, and of unwholesome cookery; and such was Mrs. Bray's anxiety on the latter point that she has been known to "pause in the midst of the family prayers, which she always read, and with great fervour, in order to give to the cook some caution or direction." Enough, perhaps, has been said of a book with which readers in search of amusement will soon become acquainted.

THE NEW SHERIFFS.

ENGLAND

(EXCEPTING CORNWALL, LANCASHIRE, AND MIDDLESEX).

Bedfordshire—Mr. Edward King Fordham, of Ashwell.
Berkshire—Mr. Charles Stephens, of Woodley Hill, near Reading.
Buckinghamshire—Mr. Samuel R. Brewis, of Ibstone House, Tetworth.
Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire—Mr. William Duberley, of Gayne's Hall, Kimbolton.
Cheshire—Colonel Henry Martin Cornwell Legh, of High Legh, Knutsford.
Cumberland—Mr. Henry Anthony Speeding, of Mire House, near Keswick.
Derbyshire—Mr. Francis Noel Mundy, of Markeaton Hall.
Devonshire—Mr. Octavius Bradshaw, of Barcombe, Paignton, and Canonleigh House, Christow.
Dorsetshire—Lieut.-Gen. Augustus Henry Lane F. P. Rivers, of Rushmore.
Durham—Mr. Isaac Lowthian Bell, of Rowton Grange, Northallerton.
Essex—Sir William Neville Abdy, Bart., of Albyns, Stapleford Abbotts.
Gloucestershire—Mr. Henry Ingles Chamberlayne, of Maugersbury Manor, Stow-in-the-Wold.
Herefordshire—Mr. William H. Barneby, of Iridenbury Court, Bromyard.
Hertfordshire—Mr. Henry Hucks Gibbs, of Aldenham House, Watford.
Kent—Mr. George Samuel Ferday-Smith, of Grovehurst, Tunbridge Wells.
Leicestershire—The Hon. Harry Whittell Wilson, of Keythorpe, Leicester.
Lincolnshire—Mr. George Morland Hutton, of Gate Burton.
Monmouthshire—Mr. Richard Powell Rees, of The Firs, Abergavenny.
Norfolk—Mr. Joshua Fielden, of Beachamwell.
Northamptonshire—Mr. Charles William Hamilton Sotheby, of Ecton.
Northumbria—Sir Arthur Edward Middleton, Bart., of Belsay Castle, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Nottinghamshire—Mr. Frederick Chatfield Smith, of Bramcote.
Oxfordshire—Mr. Wenman Aubrey Wykham-Musgrave, of Thame Park.
Rutland—Mr. Walter Gore Marshall, of Hambleton.
Shropshire—Mr. Charles John Morris, of Oxon.
Somersetshire—Mr. C. J. Allen, of Lyngford House, Taunton.
County of Southampton—Sir J. Kek, Bart., of Tedworth, Marlborough.
Staffordshire—Mr. Abraham Briggs Foster, of Canwell Hall, Lichfield.
Suffolk—Mr. Walter Thomas Brown, of Brent Eleigh.
Surrey—Mr. John Henderson, of Istandall's Park, Leatherhead.
Sussex—Mr. Hugh Wyatt, of Cissbury, Findon.
Warwickshire—Mr. W. C. Alston, of Elmwood Hall, near Birmingham.
Wiltshire—Mr. C. W. Wilson, of Rigmadon, Kirby Lonsdale.
Worcestershire—Mr. R. L. H. Phipps, of Leighton, Westbury.
Yorkshire—The Right Hon. John, Baron Hotham, of Dalton Hall.

WALES.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

Anglesey—Mr. Robert Ap Hugh Williams, of Plas Llwynon.
Breconshire—Mr. William Thomas Lewis, of The Mardy, Aberdare.
Cardiganshire—Mr. Charles Home Lloyd Fitz-Williams, of Culgwin, near Newcastle Emlyn.
Carmarthenshire—Sir E. A. A. K. C. Stepney, Bart., of The Dell, Llanelli.
Carmarthen—Mr. Albert Wood, of Bodlondeb.
Denbighshire—Mr. William Douglas Wynne Griffith, of Garn, Trefnant.
Flintshire—Mr. Richard Muspratt, of Trelawny House, Flint.
Glamorganshire—Mr. John Cole Nicholl, Merthyrtyrnawr, Bridgend.
Merionethshire—Mr. John Ernest Greaves, of Plasnewydd, Festiniog.
Montgomeryshire—Mr. Philip Wright, of Melingrion.
Pembrokeshire—Mr. James Taylor Hawksley, of Caldy Island.
Radnorshire—Mr. G. Stovin Venables, Q.C., of Lysdinam Hall, Breconshire.

The Queen has appointed Mr. Thomas Brooks, of Crawshaw Hall, to be Sheriff of the County Palatine of Lancaster, for the year ensuing.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Mr. Jan van den Hock, master of the Dutch fishing-smack Willem de Zwyger, in recognition of his humane services in rescuing the crew of the English fishing-smack Joseph and Mary, of Grimsby, abandoned in the North Sea on Jan. 29 last.

The Drapers' Company have signified their intention of making an annual grant of £105 for the purpose of providing two scholarships to be held at Girton College, Cambridge, the competition for which is to be limited to candidates engaged in or preparing for the profession of teaching. The first award of the scholarships will be made at the entrance examination of Girton College to be held in June next. Further information may be obtained on application to the secretary of the college, Miss Kensington, 22, Gloucester-place, Hyde Park, W.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

From Messrs. Metzler and Co. we have some agreeable vocal pieces, among which are: "May Joy come to greet thee," an expressive song by the well-known composer, Mr. G. A. Osborne; "My Heart's Beloved," a pleasing melody by H. Clendon; a set of six songs by Blanche Gore—"Aubade," "Elaine's Song," "Sigh no more, ladies," "Und bist der fern," "Shall I like a hermit dwell?" and "The Better Land"—all replete with melodic grace; and "O Stream descending," by M. E. H. Stisted, all which are available for voices of moderate compass. Messrs. Metzler and Co. are also issuing "The American Organ Journal," a series of arrangements of movements from the works of various composers, edited by J. M. Coward; and, in separate movements, Joachim Raff's "Suite," for violin and pianoforte, op. 204.

Messrs. R. Cocks and Co.'s "Standard Classical Pieces for the Pianoforte" has now reached between thirty and forty numbers, comprising an interesting collection of extracts from the works of various composers, ancient and modern.

Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. are issuing several series of cheap musical albums, one of the latest of which contains four marches by Mendelssohn—the "Wedding March," the march from "Athalia," the "Cornelius" March, and the "Funeral March"—skillfully transcribed for violin and pianoforte by Mr. B. Tours.

Mr. Edwin Ashdown publishes some songs that may be commended—among them being Mr. W. Ganz's "Dear Bird of Winter;" "A Sea Song" (for baritone); "With the daisies at her feet" (a love duet); "He came like a dream," and "The Gondolier," all by F. Austin; "The Rovers" (for contralto), by Seymour Smith; "By Celia's Arbour" and "A Lullaby," by W. M. Gould; "Idle Dreams," by G. B. Lissant; and "Why do I love thee?" by Cécile Hartog. Mr. Ashdown also publishes a Pianoforte Sonata, written expressly for small hands, by E. M. Lott, which will be useful to very young players. "Marjorie" (a Maypole Dance), by L. Diehl, and "Floating" (a "Barcarolle"), by B. M. Gilholly, are pleasing and easy pianoforte pieces from the same publisher, who also issues a series of "Old English Tunes," simply arranged for the pianoforte, in the treble clef for both hands; thus forming easy exercises for the youngest beginners.

Messrs. Howard and Co. have issued a neat and inexpensive edition of J. D. Loder's celebrated instruction book for the violin, with the advantage of its being edited by our excellent violinist Mr. J. T. Carrodus. The book, although not bulky, is a very comprehensive one, containing much explanatory matter and copious exercises and examples.

From Messrs. Riviere and Hawkes we have another Violin Tutor, compiled by O. Langley, which is well adapted for the purposes of tuition or self-instruction.

Messrs. Duff and Stewart publish two pleasing songs—"The Orphan's Prayer" and "Shall I tell?"—composed by Mr. B. Tours; "Happy Years," an expressive song by Cotsford Dick; and "Good Night," a melodious serenade, by E. Pieraccini. From the same publishers we have "Phospho, Morceau Fantastique," a very characteristic piece, arranged from the full score by the composer, E. L. Hume; and a quaint little "Gavotte" (also for Pianoforte), by C. Neilson.

From Messrs. Duncan Davison, and Co. we have a very expressive sentimental song, "Farewell," by Mrs. Cadwallader Adams (Annie Stopford); two flowingly melodious pieces, "L'Organetto" and "Stornello," by A. Samuelli; "Dear land of my fathers," a characteristic Irish song, the words written and the music adapted by Wellington Guernsey; and a "Reverie" for the pianoforte, by C. Ducci, jun., in which a melodious theme is surrounded with some brilliant ornamental passages.

The London Music Publishing Company issue (among many other publications) Sir G. A. Macfarren's song, "The old house far away," an expressive piece in the sentimental style; "Sunshine," a song by B. Tours that may be turned to good account by a voice of sympathetic quality; and "Twenty variations on an Old English air" (for the pianoforte), by V. Pirscher, in which a simple theme is treated with much ingenuity in a series of amplifications that are interesting in themselves, and, moreover, form good studies for execution.

VOLUNTEER MANOEUVRES AT EASTER.

The general idea of the coming Easter Volunteer manoeuvres has been issued by the War Office. It supposes a force moving from Salisbury to reinforce the garrison at Hilssea, while the commander of a force at Guildford endeavours to intercept the movement. His force reaches Liphook, and on April 11 commands the roads leading to Portsdown Bridge, while the outposts of Hilssea garrison are at Cosham. On Saturday they are driven in, and the northern force takes Portsdown Bridge. On Monday the western force, aided by a sortie from Hilssea, endeavours to join that garrison while the northern force operates to prevent the junction. The corrected return of the detachments of corps to form the Portsmouth marching column shows a total of about 4400 officers and men.

Another column will proceed on Good Friday to Dover, where the corps will on the following Monday take part in a divisional field-day with the regular troops in Major-General Newdigate's South-Eastern command. The column, under the command of Colonel Davies, Grenadier Guards, will consist of three field officers, thirty-nine company officers, and about eight hundred non-commissioned officers and men. The detachments will be joined on Easter Monday by the headquarters companies of their corps, which, with the London Rifle Brigade, also under orders for Dover, will make up a total of over 3000 men. The Regular troops in the South-Eastern District include eight batteries of artillery, one company of the Commissariat and Transport Corps, and three battalions of infantry. Another Volunteer corps which has thrown in its lot with Dover is the 1st City of London Artillery, which will go into barracks at the Western Heights, and during the stay perform the annual course of gun practice. The brigade will send thirty-four officers and 566 non-commissioned officers and men.

It is announced that the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the Berkshire Regiment, commanded by Colonel Sir R. Loyd-Lindsay, V.C., K.C.B., will take part in the operations at Aldershot at Easter, together with, it is anticipated, the 11th Middlesex (Railway) Rifles, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Sir W. T. Charley. The Berkshire battalion will number about twenty-six officers and 680 non-commissioned officers and men.

A divisional field-day of the Regulars and Volunteers in Sir Archibald Alison's command will be held in the Fox Hills, near Aldershot, on Easter Monday.

The annual return of the Volunteer Corps of Great Britain for 1883 shows that the total number enrolled in that year (209,365) was the highest in the history of the force. The number of efficient was 202,428, as against 199,374 in 1882, and 200,162 in 1881 (the largest number previously recorded), and the percentage of efficient to enrolled was 96.69 against 96.16 and 95.08 in the two previous years.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



IN CAMP AT SOUAKIM: ENGLISH.



IN CAMP AT SOUAKIM: EGYPTIANS.



NOVELS.

Originality with a vengeance is to be found in *The Knave of Hearts*, by the author of "The Garden of Eden" (Richard Bentley and Son); and to the originality, which is of a somewhat extravagant sort, must be added such an impetuosity of composition, such a flood of language, such a swift succession of more or less exciting scenes, that the reader is hurried along breathless to a comparatively tame conclusion, and begins to feel a little hurt at having been betrayed by some powerfully worked up situations into a condition of almost unnecessary, and certainly disproportionate, emotion. The story seems to have been based upon a theory of a child being born with a sort of moral insanity; with the perfection of physical beauty, perhaps, and with plenty of wit, but without harmonious action between mind and heart. At any rate, the hero of the story is an extremely beautiful being whom it would be a libel upon the Prince of Darkness to call an incarnate devil. He is a strange compound of outward loveliness and inward hatefulness, of puerility and virility, of weakness and strength, of secretiveness and candour, of meanness and pluck; for it does require pluck, whatever anybody may say, to drink off a draught of poison, with full knowledge of what the effect will be, in cold blood, in your sober senses, as calmly as Socrates quaffed his hemlock before he went to solve the great problem as to the immortality of the soul. If, however, the hero of the story suffered from "moral insanity," he cannot, perhaps, be properly said to have ever been in his sober senses. The writer seems to incline, on the whole, to the opinion held by more than one of the hero's friends or acquaintance that he was "a knave rather than a maniac;" indeed, as he "had once been nicknamed by a witty friend 'The Knave of Hearts.'" The wit of the person who bestowed this nickname will not be so apparent to many a reader as it seems to have been to the writer of the novel; and indeed, throughout the tale, the standard of wit and humour is not of an ambitious height. The story is of the melodramatic order, and its purpose, if there be any beyond a desire to surprise, startle, horrify, explain, tranquillise, entertain, and extort an acknowledgment of the cleverness and dramatic power exhibited, appears to have been to uphold, within limits, the doctrine that wickedness and crime arise from congenital moral insanity, for which not the perpetrators of the wickedness and the crime, but the perpetrators' mothers, are in very many, if not most, cases, to be held responsible. The tale is written with remarkable vigour and vivacity, and with such boldness of workmanship as amounts almost to recklessness.

Italian scenery, which is the scenery provided in *Vestigia*: by George Fleming (Macmillan and Co.), is always, or nearly always, delightful whether in fact or in fancy. Even Leghorn, which is but the port of Florence, is a promising place in which to lay the scene of a romance, for at no great distance lies the romantic city on the banks of the Arno. Well pleased, then, should the reader be to encounter on the very first page of this novel "a young man, Bernardino de Rossi by name," as he comes "hastily out of an inner room of the Telegraph Office building at Leghorn letting the heavy swinging door close sharply behind him with a disagreeable sound." The "disagreeable" may seem to forebode evil of various kinds; but it will be evil wrought under the Italian sky, and to the music of a scrap or two—at the very least—of the soft Italian language. A few more pages and we fall in with the heroine, and her name is Italia. A pretty name—for a country; but somehow it does not seem to sound very well as the Christian name of a young girl who belongs to a family of fishermen. As well might a pretty girl be called Britannia, or America, or Gallia; and it may be that many a pretty girl is so called, but it is ludicrous and preposterous. However, Italia plays the guitar, and is beloved by the Bernardino already mentioned; and she loves him in a certain fashion, and everything assumes a pleasant, idyllic form. Then comes upon the scene a splendid "officer of the King's Guards," a "marchese," who used to play in his boyhood with Italia, and would fain renew the sport, so far as the difference of position and the changes effected by time will allow. No wonder the soul of Bernardino is troubled; no wonder he regards the splendid Captain with aversion and suspicion, and is more than ever convinced that it is the right thing to be a Red Republican. The experienced reader will probably anticipate something after the usual fashion; tender passages between Italia and the Captain, ending in the ruin of the former, and a deadly quarrel between the two men, who had been friendly boys and comrades together, and of whom the democratic inferior had once liked and admired the aristocratic superior. For once, perhaps, the experienced reader will nourish wrong anticipations; but it would be a pity to reveal the outcome of the plot. It will be sufficient to hint that the Red Republican, a young man of excellent heart and principles, if left to himself, receives from a political society to which he belongs a commission to murder the King of Italy. How he performs, or fails to perform, that commission must be discovered from the novelist's own account; but the unfortunate fact remains, in any case, that Italia engages herself to a man who is to all intents and purposes a murderer, of whose dreadful secret she seems to be aware, and whom, nevertheless, she does not feel justified in endeavouring to divert from what he considers his bounden duty by her powerful influence. The story is simple and graceful, simply and gracefully told; the scene, however, is almost entirely confined to Leghorn and its neighbourhood, and shifts, when it does shift, not to Florence, but to Pisa and Rome.

Great acceptance is surely due to *First Love and Pünin Baburin*: by Iván S. Turgénev, D.C.L. (W. H. Allen and Co.); a translation performed most creditably, to judge from the English alone, by Mr. Sidney Jerrold, who has introduced his translation by means of a very interesting biographical and critical account of the Russian novelist and his works. Of the novelist himself, too, there is an expressive portrait on the frontispiece. These two Russian stories, however true it may be that English and other authors have, as Mr. Jerrold says they have, taken the Russian novelist as their model in some respects, are so unlike anything to which English readers are accustomed that the novelty alone would be refreshing, if the intrinsic qualities of the tales were not of so high and attractive an order. But when, besides the general air of novelty, there is the imagination of a poet, the description of a painter, the subtle workmanship of a cunning storyteller, as in the present instance, it is almost impossible to avoid the use of language as enthusiastic as Mr. Jerrold's own in praise of his friend and favourite. There is something painful and shocking in the main incident of the story; but what delicacy of treatment can do to mitigate repulsiveness is done to a marvel, and the tale is told rather by insinuation, by a few oblique touches, than by direct statement. As for the story of Pünin and Baburin, which are the names, respectively, of a most original, amusing, pathetic, but semi-idiotic Russian poet, and of a nondescript Republican, his comrade and benefactor, it introduces us to a "new type" of womanhood, a very charming one in some respects, and is well worth reading, not only for its intrinsic interest, and for its very touching and noble characteristics, but also for some valuable notes (for which presumably the translator is to be thanked) concerning Russian literature.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

G H (Highgate).—You have probably satisfied yourself, by studying the author's solution, that there is no error in No. 2084. You are not unsupported in your judgment of its difficulty.

P B (Lloyd's).—The solution of the problem quoted from "Chess Strategy" is 1. B to R sq, P moves; 2. K to Kt 2nd, and 3. K moves, discovering checkmate. The book is not to be obtained in this country.

R H (Stroud-green).—We cannot devote time to purchasing books and forwarding them to correspondents, nor can we reply to letters through the post except in exceptional circumstances.

W E B (Northampton).—The three-move problem is meritorious, and, if found correct, shall have a diagram. The other is unsuitable.

G C B (Green-lanes).—Second letter received, and noted.

J R (Leeds).—Very neat and very good; but problems in five moves are "Caviare to the general." We shall be glad to enquire among our contributors if you will send a problem in two or three moves.

H H (Clapham).—We cannot oblige you in the matter. May we add, that we do not think the mental dissipation of a chess-match can possibly be beneficial to a boy of nine years.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2080 received from Rev John Wills (Barnstaple, U.S.A.); of No. 2082 from G J Veale, Q; of No. 2083 from G H Goss, Baron R B (Sofia); Pierce Jones, Polytechniker, M S S (Ruabon), Jersey, E E H, John H Cray, J A Fletcher, Pierce Jones, J Corker (Neath); of No. 2084 from A H Mann, B H C (Salisbury), Polytechniker, H H C, C H Sherrard, Henry Frau, J J Cridian, W F R (Swansea), M S S (Ruabon), John Hodgson (Maidstone), J R (Edinburgh), Irene, J Sergeant, F M (Edinburgh), George Horsten, Rev J Gaskin (Reims), Gyp, W Bodler, E H, B B Leech, Mrs Monckton, Hubert W T Taylor, D W (Udny), W Haslam, Katherine, David, Helen, Hermit, Pierce Jones, Jersey, A B Wyon, F Quintella (Liston), J H Tamisier, A C Haines, Alpha, P B (Stroud), Pilgrim, Norfolk Dumpling, John Dudley, Hoffe de Groot, and Dimitri; of Mr Lloyd's three-move problem from F M (Edinburgh).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NO. 2085 received from H B, P B Harrison, T Branthwaite, Pierce Jones, E London, F and G Howitt, Gyp, Rev W Anderson, Dr F St J Hall, Raymond Shadforth, L Desanges, W P Easton, W Dowse, James Pilkington, E Cassela (Paris), A C Hunt, E Featherstone, Otto Fuller (Ghent), G Huskisson, Henry Frau, Laura Greaves, Shelton, R H Brooks, F M (Edinburgh), Aaron Harper, H Noyes, J G Anstee, D W Kell, H K Awdry, G Seymour, B Worts, Z Ingold, Hereward, Alpha, H Reeve E P Vulliamy, J R (Edinburgh), P B (Stroud), Ben Nevis, Jupiter Junior, H Lucas, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, L Falcon (Antwerp), L Southwell, G W Law, L L Greenaway, Pilgrim, Pen-y-Crym (Ruabon), John Hodgson, E E H, M O'Halloran, W Hillier, H Wardell, L Wymam, C Darragh, Norfolk Dumpling, W F R (Swansea), J J M (Dublin), T G (Ware), Rev J Gaskin (Reims), Junib, J H Tamisier, Pierce Jones, and Emma (Darlington).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2083.

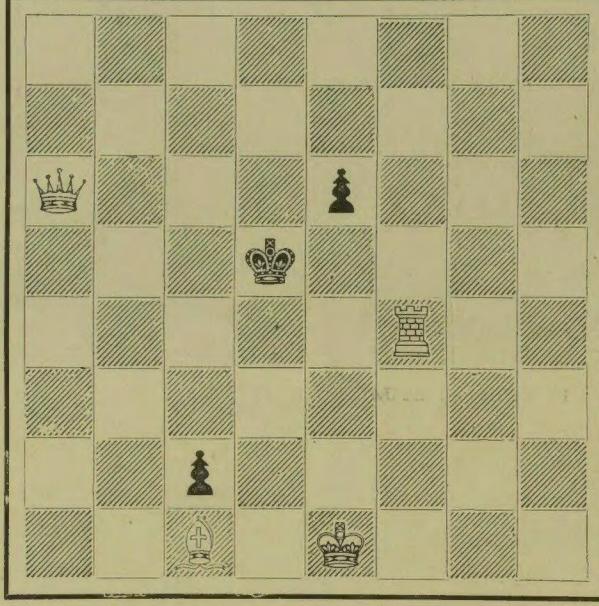
WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to Q 3rd Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

SOLUTION OF THE CALCUTTA PROBLEM.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to K 5th K moves
2. P to Q B 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 4th (ch)
4. P to Q Kt 4th
5. B mates.

PROBLEM NO. 2087.
By FRANK MORLEY (Cambridge).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

As promised last week, we reproduce a specimen of the late Mr. WISKER'S skill when at his best. It is quoted from the *Westminster Papers*, via *Australasian* of Melbourne.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Had the Queen been played to K 2nd, Kt to K 5th follows.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	17. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to Q Kt 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	18. K R to Q sq	Q R to Q sq
4. B to R 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	19. Q R to Q B sq	B takes Q P
5. Q to K 2nd	P to Q Kt 4th	20. Kt takes B	Kt takes Kt
6. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	21. B takes Kt	Q takes B
7. P to Q B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	22. R takes P	B to K Kt 3rd
8. P to Q 4th	B to K Kt 5th	The second player still retains the advantage.	
9. B to K 3rd	Castles	23. Q R to Q B 3rd	B to Q 6th
10. Kt to Q 2nd	P to Q 4th	This decisive coup was not feasible on the previous move because of the reply B takes K B P (ch).	
11. P takes Q P	Kt takes P	24. Kt to B 3rd	Q takes R
12. Castles (K R)	P takes P	White overlooked this response.	
13. P takes P	B to K B 3rd	25. P takes Q	B takes Q
The isolated Queen's Pawn is very difficult to defend.		26. R takes R	R takes R
14. Q to Q 3rd	R to K sq	27. K takes B	R to Q 6th,
15. P to Q R 3rd	Q to Q 2nd	and White resigned.	
16. K R to K sq	B to K B 4th		
17. Q to K B sq			

This unfavourable position of the Queen leaves Black with the advantage.

We are glad to note that the chessplayers of Melbourne have bestirred themselves in behalf of the late Mr. Wisker's nearest relatives. A meeting of the members of the Chess and Draughts Club was arranged to be held on Feb. 6 last, and Mr. Burns, the champion of the Australian colonies, had addressed an appeal to the general body of chessplayers, from which a good result was anticipated. The following letter from the author of "Chess Life Pictures" supplies an omission from the sketch of Mr. Wisker's career which appeared in our last number:—

"Dear Sir,—In your interesting record, last week, of Mr. Wisker's chess career, you state that he was successful in a match with me. Quite True. But I also was equally successful with him. In 1873 Mr. Wisker, then the British champion, challenged me to play a match, selected his own time and place for the combat, encountered me at Clifton, drew one game, and lost three. Mr. Wisker seemed to be, and professed to be, at the time in excellent condition. I also played him five tournament games, of which he won two and lost three. The total score in our match games was nine to him, ten to me, and four draws. As a long-match player Mr. Wisker was, in my opinion, better than, yours faithfully, G. H. MACDONELL."

The final match in the Surrey Club trophy competition was played at Norwood on the 8th inst. between the Croydon and South Norwood Chess Clubs. There were nine players a side, and the victory was carried by the Croydon club, whose representatives scored 5½ out of a possible 9.

That was a remarkable result in the match played on the 8th inst. at Wadham College, Oxford, between the University and a team from North London. Of the twelve games played North London won five and drew the remainder.

The Vinerian Scholarship at Oxford University has been awarded to Mr. John M. Astbury, B.A., Trinity College.

Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the steam-ship Warwick, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in January last.

A special supplement to the *Dublin Gazette*, issued yesterday week, proclaims the counties Armagh, Louth, Derry, Fermanagh, and Tyrone, under the 8th section of the Prevention of Crimes (Ireland) Act. The same section is declared in force in the city of Derry.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 23, 1883) of Mr. Thomas Knowles, formerly M.P. for Wigan, late of Darnhall Hall, in the county of Chester, and of Wigan, Lancashire, who died on Dec. 3 last, was proved on the 4th inst. by John Sutherland Harmood Banner, Thomas Fielden, and Israel Knowles, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £194,000. The testator gives to his son John all his wines, consumable stores, gentlemen's jewellery, horses, carriages, live and dead stock at Darnhall Hall, and all the furniture and effects at his shooting-box in Scotland; to his three daughters, all his ladies' jewellery; to his daughter Mrs. Martha Fielden £1000, in addition to £25,000 settled on her at her marriage; upon trust for each of his daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Banner and Miss Mary Ellen Knowles, certain shares and £15,000; and legacies to his sister, sister-in-law, nephews, nieces, cousins, coal agents, and others. The furniture, plate, pictures, sculpture, books, and effects at Darnhall Hall are left upon trust, so as to be enjoyed by the tenant for life of the estate. The executors are directed, if he has not done so in his lifetime, to pay the donation he has promised of £5000, free of legacy duty, towards the building and endowment of a church at Ince-in-Makerfield. His bleach-works at Little Bolton are to be carried on by his trustees, at their discretion, the annual profits being divided equally among his four children; and his cotton-mills at Wigan are also to be continued, one half of the profits being paid to his said son and the other half to his nephew Thomas Knowles. Darnhall Hall estate and the residue of his real and personal property are settled, upon trust, for his son John Knowles for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male.

The will (dated Oct. 1, 1880) of Sir William Henry Poland, formerly of the firm of Messrs. P. R. Poland and Son, late of No. 2, Blackheath-villas, Blackheath, who died on Jan. 17 last, was proved on the 8th ult. by Richard Henry Poland, the Rev. Frederick William Poland, and Edwin Lawrence Poland, the sons, and William Peter Bodkin, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £72,000. The testator bequeaths £50 each to the Asylum for Idiots, Earlswood; the School for the Indigent Blind, Southwark; the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Old Kent-road; the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney; the Royal Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Benevolent Institution; the Jubilee Almshouses, Greenwich; the Royal Kent Dispensary, Greenwich; and St. John's Foundation School for Sons of the Poor Clergy, Leatherhead;—19 guineas each to the Church Missionary Society; the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; the British Orphan Asylum, Slough; the Hospital for Diseases of the Heart, Soho-square; the London Orphan Asylum, Watford; the Royal Naval School, New-cross; the National Benevolent Institution; the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society; the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead; and the Royal Naval Female School, St. Margaret's House, Isleworth;—and legacies to sons, grandchildren, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said three sons.

The will (dated Oct. 11, 1881), with two codicils (dated Oct. 26, 1882, and Feb. 15, 1883), of Mrs. Mary Ann Ellis, widow of the Rev. Robert Ellis, of North Grimston, formerly of Harrogate, then of Whitby, and late of York, who died on April 5 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by the Rev. Fitz-Henry William Ellis, and Miss Caroline Erskine, the sister, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £63,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 each to the Yorkshire School for the Blind, and the Earlswood Asylum; and very considerable legacies to her sisters, nephews, nieces, late husband's relatives, and others. The residue of her property in England she leaves to her five sisters.

The will (dated April 8, 1880) of Sir John Bayley Darvall, K.C.M.G., late of No. 23, Upper Wimpole-street, who died on Dec. 28 last, was proved on the 12th ult. by Captain John Francis Darvall and Captain Roger Francis Foster Darvall, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £58,000. The testator bequeaths £8000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Mrs. Flora Emily Adams and Mrs. Edith Sophia Charlotte Smyth; and there are some other bequests to children and to his brother. The residue of his property is to be divided between his four sons, John Francis, Edward, Roger Francis Foster, and Edwin Bayley.

The will (dated Jan. 17, 1884) of Mr. William Page, late of No. 85, Holland-road, Kensington, who died on Jan. 24 last, was proved on the 9th ult. by Mrs. Emily Green and John William Petherick, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £57,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his executor, Mr. Petherick; £10,000 to Mrs. Elizabeth Maria Petherick; £1000 to Peter Spink; and £200 to the West London Hospital, Hammersmith. The residue of his property he gives to Mrs. Emily Green.

The will (dated July 25, 1877) of Mr. Frederick Death, late of Woodstock House, Golder's Green, Hendon, who died on Dec. 16 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by Mrs. Sarah Death, the widow, Robert Wrightson, jun., the nephew, and Charles Waring Young, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testator gives his house at Hendon, with the furniture and effects, to his wife, in satisfaction of a claim under their marriage settlement; and, subject to a few legacies, he leaves one third of the residue of his property, upon trust, for his brother Henry, his wife, and children; another third, upon trust, for his sister, Mrs. Mary Wrightson, her husband, and children; and the remaining third, upon trust, for the widow of his late brother Oliver and their children.

The Postmaster-General has announced the adoption of a new and intermediate scale of inland parcels post rates, which will take effect on and after April 1, and will be as follows:—1 lb. 3d.; 2 lb. 4½d.; 3 lb. 6d.; 4 lb., 7½d.; 5 lb. 9d.; 6 lb. 10½d.; and 7 lb., 1s.

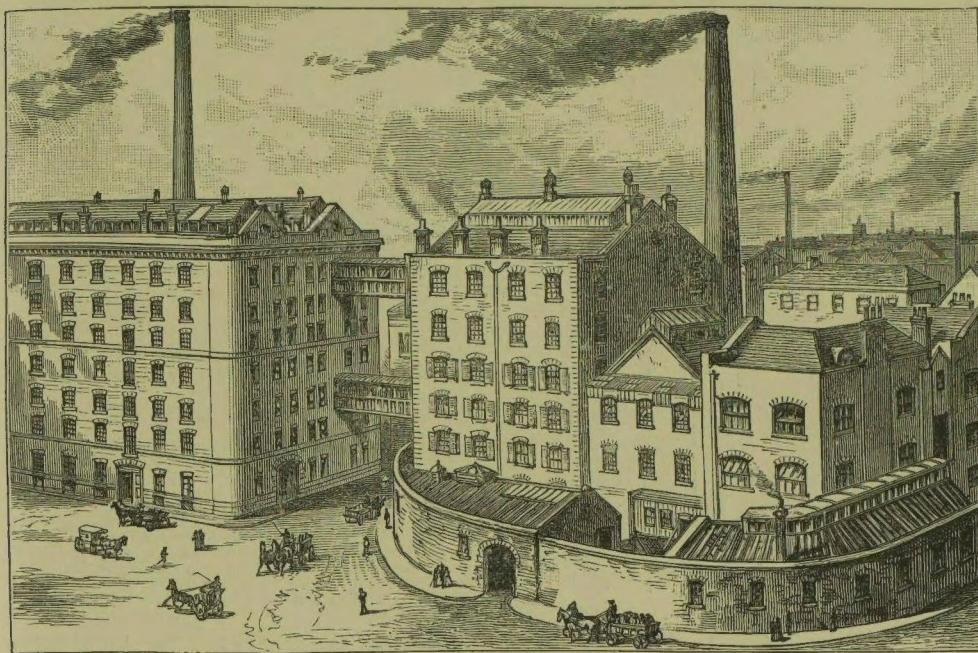
MESSRS. FRY'S CHOCOLATE & COCOA MANUFACTORY, BRISTOL.

ANYONE who passes along Wine-street, Bristol, will, if he be keen-scented, become fully aware that he is in the close vicinity of a chocolate factory. The aromatic berry scatters its perfume far and wide. The manufacture itself is the growth of a century and a half. The first patent, still in the possession of the present manufacturers, is dated 1730, and the old building where the chocolate was formerly made stands in vivid contrast to the huge pile of buildings which pour forth the cocoa and chocolate at the rate of many tons per day.

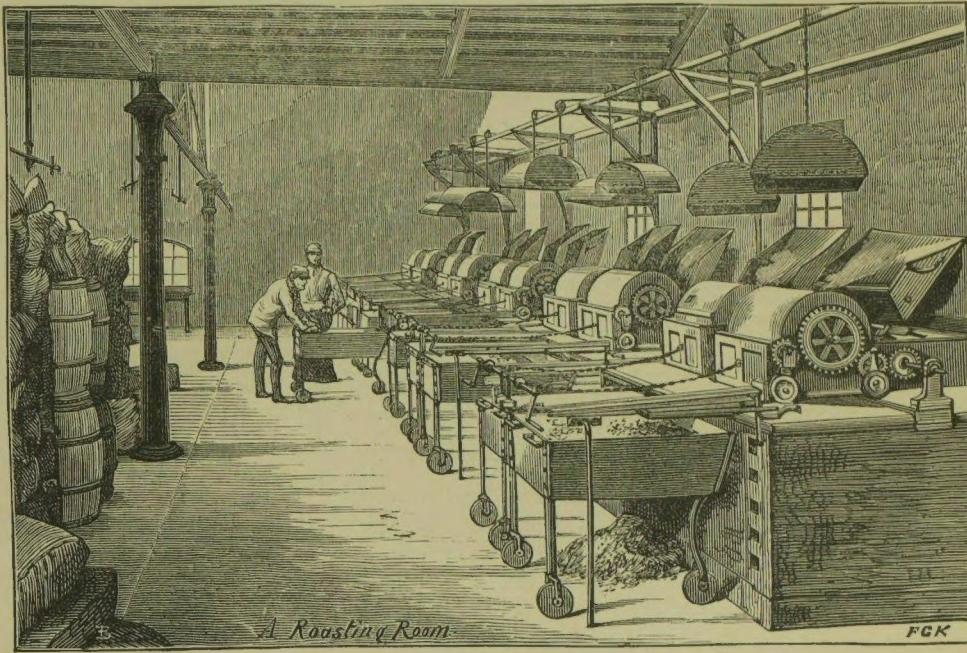
Anyone entering the factory cannot but be impressed with the ceaseless whirl of machinery

until at length it issues in continuous streams, a rich, fragrant, and deliciously brown liquid, which solidifies on cooling.

Cocoa Extract is produced by extracting a large proportion of oil from the cocoa. The cocoa is put into strong canvas bags. These bags are placed in a hollow iron cylinder, the bottom of which moves up by hydraulic power of 1200 lb. to the square inch, with the result that the fat drops into troughs, and when cool forms those Portland stone blocks to which we have previously referred. Whilst the oil is cooling in the troughs the steel rollers are



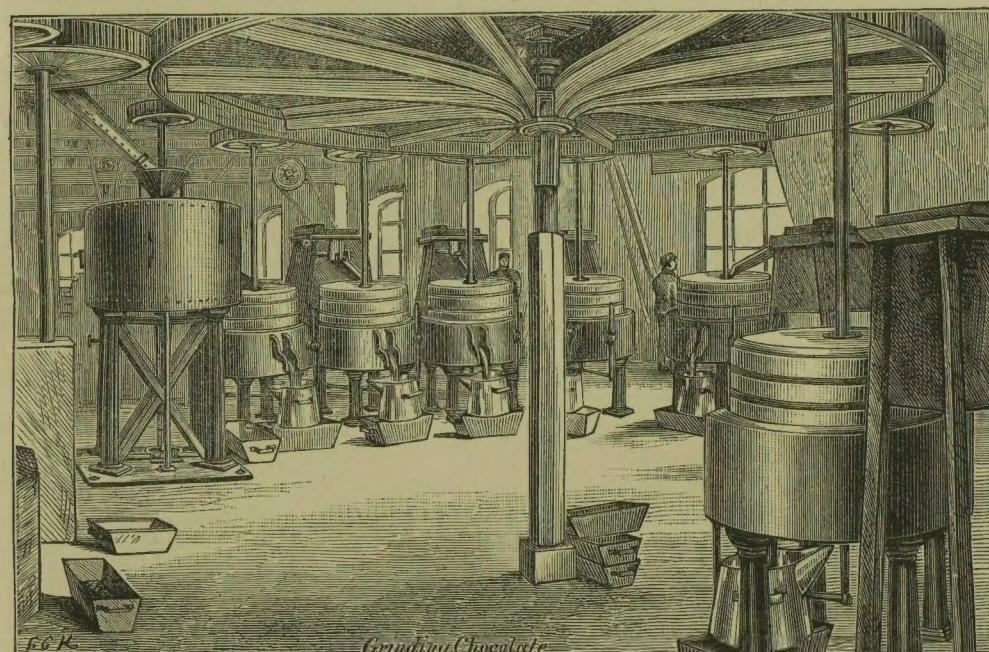
and the constant activity that pervade the buildings. Here is a huge wheel, driving a series of grindstones which are pulverising the nut; there a winnowing-machine, which separates the husks; close by, an elevator, which lifts the nibs to their next position, and so on throughout the whole building—machinery doing the work of hand labour, rendering food cheaper, and yet finding employment for a larger number of workers. In Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons' factories there are upwards of 1000 hands, all at full swing, and each one demonstrating how keenly-active life is



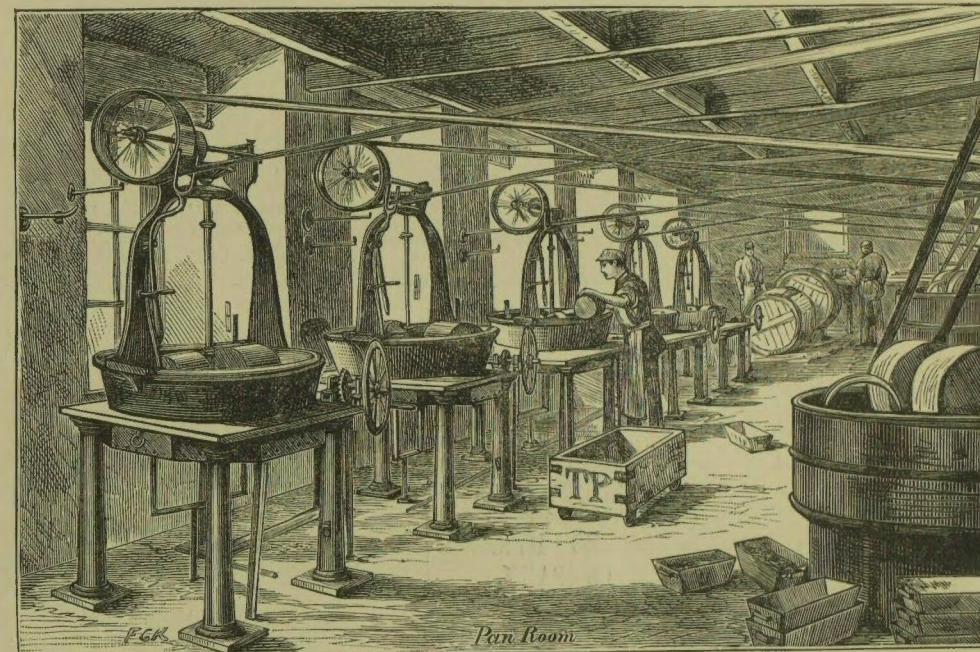
A Roasting Room.

whirling round, crushing the ordinary nibs, incorporating sugar and vanilla, whilst perfectly manipulating the whole, and shredding into fine delicate flakes that world-famed Caracas Cocoa. One is tempted to pause by the mill, and taste once again the luxurious compound of superb cocoa, sugar, and vanilla. We English have scarcely reached the point of appreciating how charming a luncheon is afforded by a stick of chocolate and a hunch of fine white bread.

In other parts of the works are small lakes of sugar being converted into snowflake, and



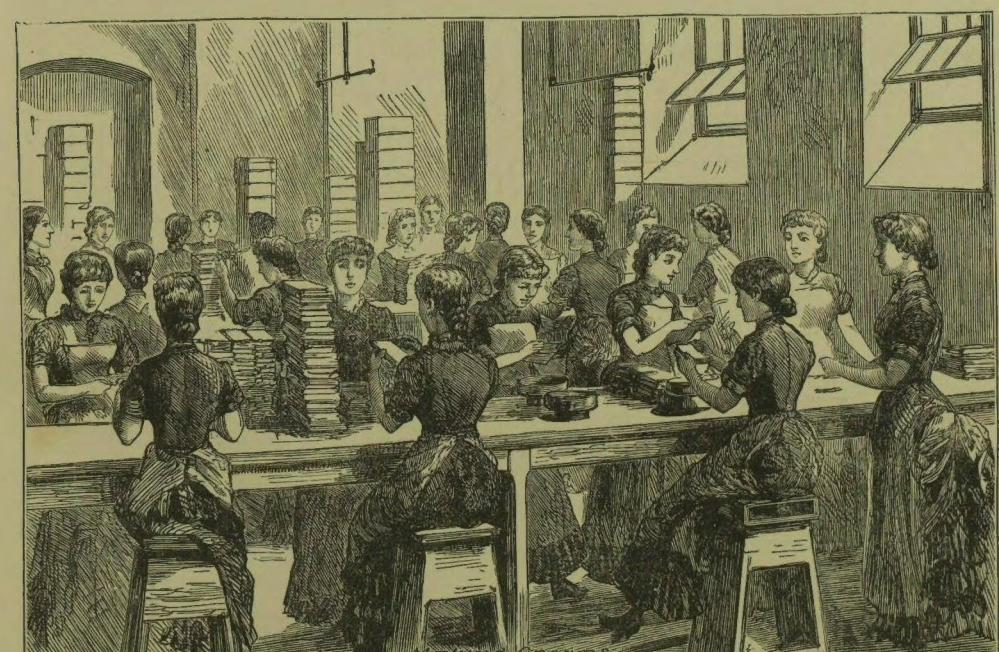
Grinding Chocolate



Pan Room

becoming. In the factory itself you thread your way through walls of solid chocolate, which look like red granite blocks prepared for a new building; immediately contiguous are others of similar shape and size, not unlike blocks of Portland stone. The last are composed of the solidified oil yielded by the cocoa berry in the process of forming extract of cocoa. Flanked on either side, and piled up to the ceiling, are mountains of the bags containing the cocoa as imported into this country.

chocolate being moulded into drops and bonbons. At other parts there are steam planes, steam saws, and steam hammers, making wood boxes and finishing them with a rapidity that is truly marvellous. In one shop there are tin workers who stamp out the lid, put on the end, and present you with a perfectly tight tin canister in something less than a minute. Everywhere there is pressure, movement, and order. The nimble fingers that affix the labels to the packets equally with those that fill the packets themselves weary the eyes by the rapidity of their movement. Huge



Making Creams



Weighing and Filling Packets

Round the top floors of each warehouse are ranged huge cylindrical roasters, constantly revolving over a hot fire. In two hours or so the beans are properly roasted, and it is during this as well as subsequent processes that the aromatic perfume is sent forth to the world. Subsequently the husks are separated from the bean. The cocoa beans are made to pass between two small rollers, on the surface of which there are small knife-like projections, which break the husk but do not crush the nib; they then pass into the winnowing machine, and, by the elevators, into the mills, where the beans are ground into chocolate by revolving drum, stone mills, or steel roller,

cases travel to and fro as they pass to one or other of the great packing departments, whilst trolleys, laden to the utmost, carry boxes and packages to be sorted out and sent to every part of England and to every quarter of the globe.

A century and a half of constant and ever increasing effort lives in the factory, and those who to-day listen to the whirr of carefully-planned machinery, cannot fail to remember those early times when chocolate was the luxury of the wealthy, instead of being, as it is to day, the everyday necessity of millions of our people.

TURKEY 5000 to select from
TURKEY of all sizes.
INDIAN 1000 in Stock
INDIAN in all sizes.
PERSIAN 500 in Stock.
PERSIAN Superior Qualities.

MAPLE and CO. have correspondents and buyers in India and Persia (who act solely for them) from whom they receive direct consignments of superior and first-class CARPETS of guaranteed qualities. Purchasers are cautioned against large quantities which are coming forward of inferior quality, these having been made to suit the demand for cheap foreign carpets, especially Turkey. The Trade supplied.

PARQUET FLOORING.

PARQUET can now be supplied to any room without disturbing the existing floor, the average cost (including laying and polishing) for surrounding with Parquet a Persian, Turkey, Indian, or Square Carpet being £8.

NOTICE.—5000 Pieces Manufacturers' Best Brussels at 3s. per yard, but not newest patterns.

NOTICE.—MAPLE and CO. have SPECIAL EXTRA QUALITIES of BRUSSELS as produced thirty years ago, adapted for hardest wear, at a small increased cost. Newest designs and novelties in colouring.—MAPLE and CO.

NOTICE.—MAPLE and CO. have OPENED the NEW EXTENSION of their FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT, making an addition of 1½ acre, including fourteen new Show-Rooms, for the display of High-Class Furniture.

MAPLE and CO. Adams Designs Furniture.

MAPLE and CO. Chippendale Furniture.

MAPLE and CO., Upholsterers by Special Appointment to her Majesty.—The largest Furnishing Establishment in the World. Acres of Show-Rooms for the display of every possible description of household requisites.

MAPLE and CO. Manufacturers.

MAPLE and CO. Dining-Room Furniture.

MAPLE and CO. Drawing-Room Furniture.

MAPLE and CO., Timber Merchants and direct Importers of the finest Woods to be found in Africa, Asia, and America, and Manufacturers of Cabinet Furniture in various woods by steam power.

MAPLE and CO. Bass Wood Furniture.

MAPLE and CO. Yew-tree Wood Furniture.

MAPLE and CO. Circassian Ash Furniture.

MAPLE and CO.—BASS WOOD FURNITURE is one of the novelties particularly recommended, being much harder than pine, and a prettier wood. 500 Bed-Room Suites, finished in various woods, to select from, prices 5½ to 250 guineas. Many of these are quite novelties in shape and finish.

Tottenham-court-road, London.

POSTAL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. MAPLE and CO. beg to state that this Department is now so organised that they are prepared to supply any article that can possibly be required in Furnishing at the same price, if not less, than any other house in England. Patterns and quotations free.

GRISCOM'S ELECTRIC MOTOR

AND
"AUTOMATIC" BATTERY.

For Family SEWING MACHINES, &c.
"Simple, efficient, and by no means expensive."—Times, Oct. 21, 1882.
Send stamp for Illustrated List and Testimonials to the

ELECTRO-DYNAMIC COMPANY,
Archway House, Bush-lane,
London, E.C.

NICHOLSON'S.

PATTERNS FREE.

THE RAMPOOR CASHMERE.

A charming Fabric in 40 new shades, 14 yards for 1 guinea, or 1s. 6d. per yard.

The Rampoor Chuddah Cashmere wool has a world-wide reputation for its exquisite softness and delicacy of texture.

Messrs. NICHOLSON have succeeded in producing a most beautiful dress fabric from this choice material, which surpasses all others for the present season. For further particulars see the principal Fashion Journals.

"GALATEA" COSTUME. 14 all-wool French Beiges, £2 5s. 6d. In Rampoor Cashmere, £2 18s. 6d.

D. NICHOLSON & CO., 50 to 55, ST. PAUL'S-CHURCHYARD, LONDON, E.C.

BY SPECIAL ROYAL APPOINTMENT.

Spearman's No other article woven equals this in general utility.

PURE WOOL ONLY! DEVON According to the Queen, "It has no rival."

NEW SPRING PATTERNS NOW READY.

According to the Queen, "It has no rival."

For Ladies' wear, beautiful qualities, 1s. 6d. to 1s. 10d. the yard; for Children's wear, capitally strong, 1s. 3d. to 2s. the yard; for Gentlemen's wear, double width, 2s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. the yard. The Navy Blues and the Blacks are fast dyes. On receipt of instructions, samples will be sent POST-FREE.—N.B. Any length cut, and Carriage Paid to principal Railway Stations.

Only Address: SPEARMAN and SPEARMAN, Plymouth. NO AGENTS.

CARPETS.
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MAPLE & CO.
TOTTEHAM-COURT-ROAD,
LONDON, W.
THE LARGEST AND MOST CONVENIENT
FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE WORLD.

THE VICARAGE DINING-ROOM SUITE, Old English in style, in solid American Walnut, consisting of 5 ft. cabinet sideboard, extending table to dine eight people, six small chairs and two easy-chairs, stuffed all hair, 20 guineas. See page 20 in Catalogue.

MAPLE and CO.

CHIPPENDALE FURNITURE.—DRAWING-ROOM CABINETS, from 7 guineas to 50 guineas; some of these are very handsome. Glasses and Suites complete. Bed-Room Sets and Dining-Room Suites in the same style. Brackets and Fancy Ornaments from 15s. MAPLE and CO.

EARLY ENGLISH FURNITURE.—DRAWING-ROOM FIRE-PLACES, with glasses affixed. Sideboards, Bookcases, Drawing-Room and Bed Furniture carried out in the same style. Cabinets from £2 15s. to 60 guineas. An Illustrated Catalogue, post-free.

BED-ROOM SUITES made by MACHINERY.

BED-ROOM SUITE in Solid Walnut, consists of 4 ft. wardrobe, 3 ft. 6 in. chest drawer, marble-top washstand, toilet table with glass, pedestal cupboard, towel-horse, and three chairs. This suite is manufactured by Mapl and Co.'s new machinery, lately erected. Complete suite, £10 15s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash, plate-glass door to wardrobe, washstand with Minton's tiles, toilet table with glass fixed, pedestal cupboard, towel-horse, and three chairs, complete, £10 15s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Walnut, complete, 15 guineas; beautifully inlaid, 20 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash, with 6 ft. wardrobe, complete, £22 10s.

BED-ROOM SUITES.—CHIPPENDALE. Adams, Louis XVI., and Sheraton designs; large wardrobes, very handsome, in rosewood, richly inlaid; also satin-wood, inlaid with different woods, 85 to 200 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES.—500 to select from. From 5½ to 200 guineas.

MAPLE and CO.—BEDSTEADS (IRON).

MAPLE and CO.—BEDSTEADS (BRASS).

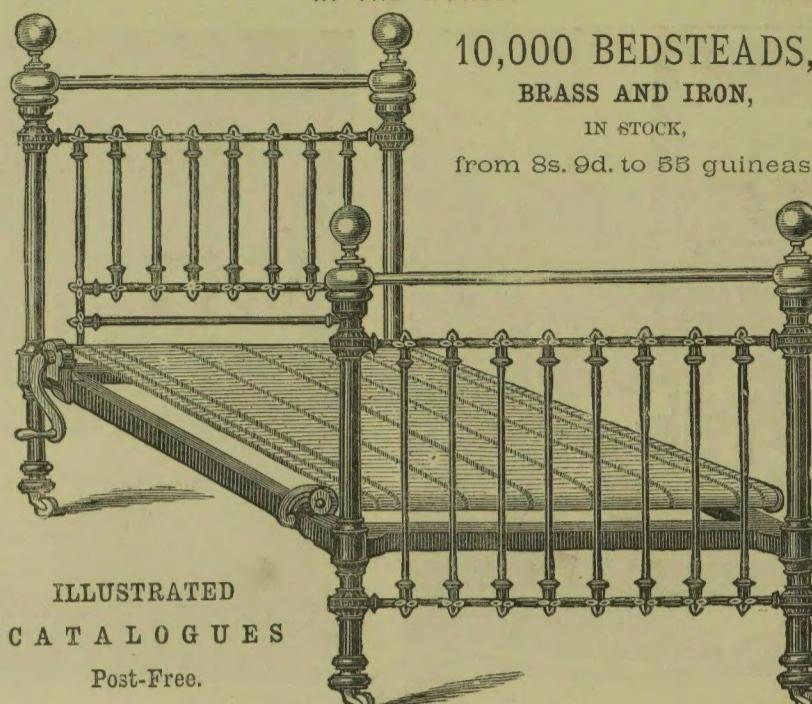
MAPLE and CO. have a SPECIAL DEPARTMENT for IRON and BRASS Four-post BEDSTEADS, Cribs, and Cots, specially adapted for mosquito curtains, used in India, Australia, and the Colonies. Price, for full-sized Bedsteads, varying from 25s. to 80 guineas. Shippers and colonial visitors are invited to inspect this varied stock, the largest in England, before deciding elsewhere. 10,000 Bedsteads to select from.

MAPLE and CO.—BEDSTEADS in Wood, Iron, and Brass, fitted with furniture and bedding complete. The bedsteads are fitted in stock, ready for choice. Over 10,000 Iron and Brass Bedsteads now in stock to select from. From 8s. 9d. to 55 guineas. Strong useful Brass Bedsted, 3½ guineas. Bedding of every description manufactured on the premises, and all warranted pure. The Trade supplied.

MAPLE and CO.'S FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT, the Largest in the World. ACRES OF SHOW-ROOMS, for the display of First-class Furniture, ready for immediate delivery. Novelties every day from all parts of the globe. No family ought to furnish before viewing this collection of household requisites, it being one of the sights in London. To Export Merchants an unusual advantage is offered. Having large space, all goods are packed on the premises by experienced packers.

NOTICE.—DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS to go for 400 days with once winding; a handsome present. Price 75s., warranted. MAPLE and CO. have a large and varied assortment suitable for dining and drawing room. Over 500 to select from. Price 10s. 9d. to 50 guineas. Handsome Marble Clock, with incised lines in gold, and superior eight-day movement, 23s. 6d.; also Bronzes in great variety.

ORDERS for EXPORTATION to any part of the World packed carefully on the premises, and forwarded on receipt of a remittance or London reference.



The above BLACK and BRASS BEDSTEAD, with the PATENT WIRE WOVE MATTRESS, complete:

3 ft., 50s.; 3 ft. 6 in., 55s.; 4 ft., 63s.; 4 ft. 6 in., 67s. 6d.

Price for the Patent Wire Wove Mattress, without Bedstead:

3 ft., 25s.; 3 ft. 6 in., 29s.; 4 ft., 33s.; 4 ft. 6 in., 37s.

"PATENT WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS."

THE WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS is a strong and wonderful fabric of fine wire, so interlocked and woven by a Patented process of diagonal DOUBLE WEAVING that an ELASTIC and PERFECT sleeping arrangement is secured. The hard spring wire used is carefully tinned, effectually preventing corrosion, and presents a very attractive and silver-like appearance.

This Mattress is, in fact, a complete appliance for all purposes of REST and SLEEP, combining all the advantages of a PERFECT SPRING BED, and CAN BE MADE SOFT OR HARD AT PLEASURE BY USING THE HANDLE AT SIDE OF BEDSTEAD; IT CAN BE TAKEN TO PIECES IN A FEW MOMENTS, AND PACKED IN A VERY SMALL COMPASS.

They are also greatly used in yachts and ships, because of their cleanliness.

MAPLE & CO., Manufacturers of First-class Furniture, London and Paris.



MAPPIN & WEBB,
SHEFFIELD MANUFACTURERS.
STERLING SILVER, ELECTRO-SILVER,
FINEST CUTLERY.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES FREE.

LONDON WAREHOUSES:
MANSION HOUSE
BUILDINGS, E.C.;
AND
OXFORD-STREET, W.

PROTECTION FROM FIRE.

BRYANT and MAY'S
PATENT
SAFETY MATCHES.



11 PRIZE MEDALS.

Entirely Free from Phosphorus.

ARE NOT POISONOUS.

HARMLESS TO ALL EMPLOYED IN THEIR MANUFACTURE.

PROTECTION TO HEALTH.

LIPSCOMBE'S
CELEBRATED WATER
FILTERS.

144, OXFORD-STREET, W.

CHEAP, SIMPLE, DURABLE.

THE ONLY RELIABLE KIND FOR PERFECT PURIFICATION.



FURNITURE, PIANOFORTES,
LUGGAGE, ETC.,

REMOVED OR WAREHOUSED
AT EXTREMELY LOW RATES.

REMOVALS to or from all parts of the UNITED KINGDOM and CONTINENT.

Advances made on Goods Warehoused if required.

PROSPECTUS AND ESTIMATES POST-FREE.

RUSSELL'S DEPOSITORY,
KING'S-ROAD, CHELSEA, LONDON.

INVALIDS and ALL of
WEAK DIGESTION.

SOUTHALL'S SOLUBLE MEAT

CONTAINS THE
WHOLE NUTRITIVES
OF THE MEAT.

Beef, Chicken, Veal, Mutton, cooked and ready for immediate use. The mutton, after being boiled, is gelatinized, and other flesh-forming matters, together with the flavours and organic salts, fully retained in an agreeable form, easily assimilated to the weakest stomach, thereby providing an exceedingly useful and convenient article of diet for all suffering from weak and impaired digestion.

Retailed by Chemists in 4 oz. and 8 oz. packages, 1s. 6d. and 3s.

Parcels Post free, 2d. extra. From the Manufacturers.

SOUTHALL BROS. & BARCLAY, Bull-street, Birmingham.